This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

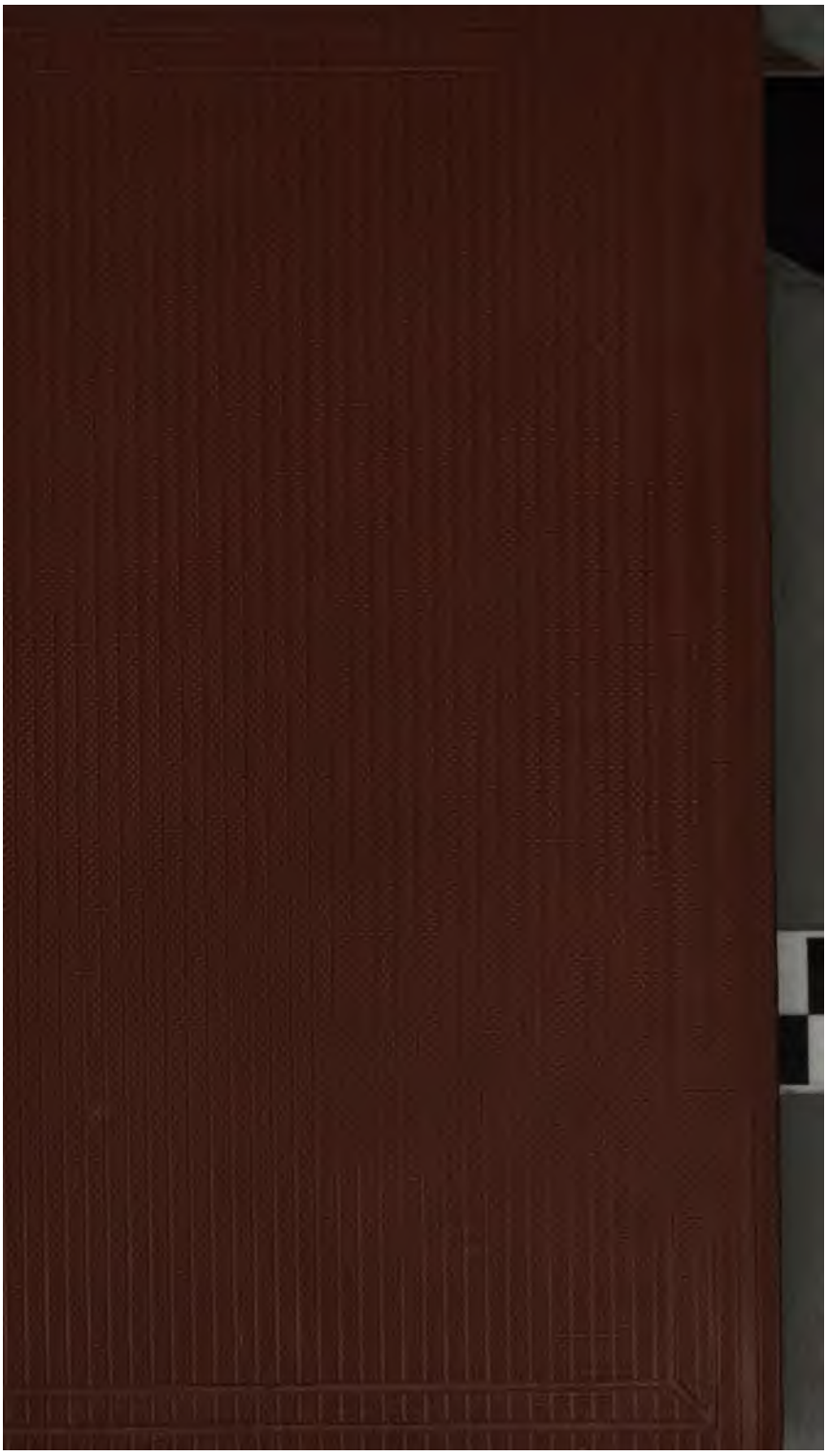
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

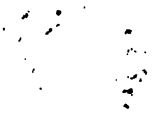
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



600072494W

CARDINAL POLE.

VOL. II.



CARDINAL POLE:

OR,

THE DAYS OF PHILIP AND MARY.

An Historical Romance.

BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1863.

[*The right of Translation is reserved.*]

250. 0. 111.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

BOOK II.—*continued.*

THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

V. PAGE

How the Royal Nuptials were celebrated in Winchester Cathedral 3

VI.

How Philip, with Four-and-Twenty noble Guests, dined at Arthur's Round Table in Winchester Castle; and how the Feast ended . . . 17

VII.

Of Philip's public Entry into London . . . 28

VIII.

Showing how Constance Tyrrell embraced the Reformed Faith 40

IX. PAGE

In what manner Constance fled from Hampton Court Palace 53

X.

Where Constance found a Place of Refuge . . 63

XI.

How Constance's Retreat was discovered . . 77

BOOK III.

LAMBETH PALACE.

I.

How Cardinal Pole arrived in England, and how he was welcomed by the King and Queen . 99

II.

Of the Reconciliation of the Realm with the See of Rome 120

III.

Of the Events that followed the Restoration of the Papal Authority 130

IV.

Of the unceremonious Visit paid by their Majesties to Cardinal Pole at Lambeth Palace . 157

V.

PAGE

Bishop Bonner 171

VI.

How Constance Tyrrell was brought before the Queen in the Lollards' Tower 183

VII.

An Accuser 193

VIII.

How the Queen confided her Griefs to the Cardinal 204

IX.

The Franciscan 215

X.

Of the Counsel given to Osbert Clinton by the Cardinal 226

XI.

How Constance passed her Time in Lambeth Palace 234

XII.

How the Cardinal visited Derrick Carver in his Cell in the Lollards' Tower 242

XIII.

How Derrick Carver fulfilled his Promise . 259

BOOK IV.

SMITHFIELD.

I. PAGE

How a solemn Procession was formed at Saint Paul's, and set forth towards Smithfield . 271

II.

The Halt at Newgate 281

III.

Smithfield in the Sixteenth Century . . . 286

IV.

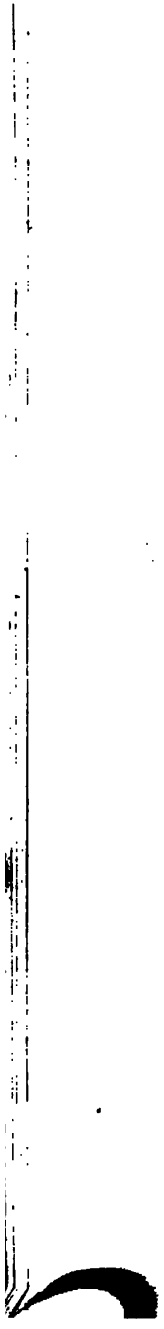
What passed in Saint Bartholomew's Church . . 294

Cardinal Pole.

BOOK II.

(CONTINUED.)

THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.



V.

HOW THE ROYAL NUPTIALS WERE CELEBRATED IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

SAINT JAMES'S DAY had been appointed for the marriage, that saint being the patron of Spain. Brighter or more beautiful morning never rose on Winchester than on this auspicious day. Magnificent preparations had been made for the event. Two triumphal arches spanned the High-street, and all the houses were hung with cloths of gold and silver, velvet and arras, while minstrels were everywhere engaged. The pinnacles of the graceful Cross, which belongs to the time of Henry VI., and still adorns the city, were hung with garlands

of flowers, and the statue of Saint Lawrence, placed under its exquisite canopied niche, was garnished with beads, chains, and other articles of goldsmith's work. The conduits ran with white and red wines. All the poor were publicly feasted; and at night great bonfires were lighted on the adjacent hills.

The city was fuller of strangers than it had ever been known. Not only were the hostels crowded to overflowing, but the religious houses and colleges were thronged with guests. At an early hour of the day thousands of persons, who had travelled all night, began to arrive from various quarters—from Southampton, from Bishop's Waltham, from Alresford, from Stockbridge, from Romsey, and even from Salisbury—in short, from every place within a circuit of twenty miles. These new comers found scant accommodation, but booths were erected on Saint Giles's Hill, and on Saint Mary Magdalen's Hill, as during fair-time, to which they resorted.

Loud reports of ordnance were continually heard from the batteries of the castle, and the bells of all the churches pealed joyfully. As the hour appointed for the ceremony approached, a grand procession began to enter the cathedral. First came the mayor and aldermen of Winchester, in scarlet gowns, followed by the officers of the city, apparelled in velvet and silk, carrying long staves. Then, after a short pause, came thirty gentlemen belonging to the Spanish ambassadors, clad in doublets of yellow velvet striped with red. These were followed by Simon Renard and Don Juan de Figueroa, both sumptuously apparelled. Then came a numerous body of sergeants and officers of arms, and after them gentlemen, esquires, and knights, all richly attired, and ranged according to their degrees. On reaching the steps leading to the choir, all these passed into the north transept, which, ere long, was completely filled. Then came another long train of gentlemen and esquires belonging to various noblemen, all in rich liveries

of divers colours, and making a splendid show. Then came the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Arundel, Sussex, Huntingdon, Shrewsbury, Pembroke, and Derby, in their robes of estate of crimson velvet furred with ermine, and powdered according to their degrees. All such as were Knights of the Garter wore the collar and the lesser badge of the order. These were followed by the lords of the counsel in robes of scarlet. After them came the choir of the cathedral, solemnly singing as they passed along; then the clergy, in their copes and gowns; then came the incense-bearers, with great silver thuribles, censing the way. Then followed the Bishops of London, Durham, Ely, Lincoln, Chichester, and other prelates, in copes and mitres. After them came two priests, each bearing a large silver cross, followed by another priest with a crosier. Next came Gardiner himself, in his full pontificals.

Before proceeding, let us cast an eye around the interior of the cathedral, and note the extraordinary

splendour of its decorations. The mighty pillars lining each side of the broad nave were covered to the height of twelve feet with crimson velvet, entwined with golden wreaths, while the intercolumniations were filled up with arras and rich hangings. Every pillar was further decked with flags and pennons. The aisles and transepts were likewise adorned with hangings, and the Lady Chapel, wherein the marriage ceremony was about to be solemnised, was hung with cloth of gold. Along the nave, as far as the choir, was stretched a cloth of ray, with rails on either side. Over the high altar was reared an immense silver cross, and the altar itself glittered with silver and gems. From an early hour in the morning all portions of the cathedral allotted to the public were thronged to excess. Some thousands were present on the occasion. The precincts of the sacred pile were equally crowded, and the wide area in front of the grand western portal presented a dense mass of human beings.

At ten o'clock the royal bridegroom left the deanery, attended by the whole of his grandees, whose gorgeous habiliments glittered with priceless jewels. Cloth of ray had been laid down from the deanery to the great western entrance of the cathedral, and on this Philip and his nobles walked. Their path was further protected by rails, outside of which archers and halberdiers were stationed.

Philip's bridal attire was magnificent, and attracted universal admiration. His doublet and hose were of white satin, richly embroidered with gold, and over all he wore a gorgeous mantle of cloth of gold, presented to him by the Queen, and thickly covered with pearls and precious stones. His white velvet cap was studded with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Over his shoulders he wore the collar of the Garter, while the lesser badge of the order encircled his knee. Splendid, however, as was his attire, it hardly outshone the habiliments of his grandees, all of whom wore the collar of

the Golden Fleece, or the insignia of some other order.

As Philip entered the cathedral with his train, trumpets were loudly sounded, and the martial bruit continued as he advanced along the nave. Midway he was met by the Earl of Arundel and other nobles, and ceremoniously conducted to a traverse, prepared for him in the south transept, where he awaited the Queen's arrival.

This was not long delayed. A peal of artillery, accompanied by reiterated shouts, announced that her Majesty had reached the precincts of the cathedral. Already, indeed, the foremost of her immediate attendants were passing through the grand portal. First came Garter King at Arms in his gorgeous tabard, followed by the other heralds, and attended by a band of trumpeters, with their silver clarions at their lips. Then came the Grand Chamberlain, Sir John Gage, his lofty figure seen to great advantage in a scarlet robe open before, and edged with ermine. Sir

John Gage had the collar of the Garter round his neck, and carried his wand of office in his hand. He was accompanied by the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir Henry Jerningham, likewise in his robes of office, and bearing a white wand. Then followed a long train of pages attired in liveries of white and blue satin, which had a charming effect. Then followed the three gigantic yeomen of the guard, in scarlet, with the royal badge embroidered at the front and back of their doublets.

Fresh acclamations from without, continued by the crowd within the cathedral, proclaimed the entrance of the Queen. Mary walked beneath a canopy of cloth of gold, the gilt staves of which were borne by four knights, chosen for the purpose from their goodly presence, attired in crimson satin, with points of blue and red on their sleeves.

The Queen was arrayed in a gown of white cloth of tissue, the stomacher of which was encrusted with diamonds and precious stones, and her mantle of crimson velvet, bordered with er-

mine, and embroidered with gold, was borne by six noble dames, all magnificently attired. Her hair was unbound, as was then the custom of brides—and a beautiful custom it was—and on her head she wore a coif, encircled with gold, and studded with orient pearls and gems. Mary marched with a firm step along the nave, and really presented a very majestic appearance. She was followed by a long train of ladies, whose sweeping velvet mantles, furred and embroidered, were borne by pages in rich liveries.

As the Queen advanced along the body of the cathedral, Philip, who had been apprised of her coming, and, indeed, could not be unaware of it from the braying of trumpets and shouting, came from the traverse with his retinue, and met her just as she reached the steps of the choir. Saluting her with a warm demonstration of affection, that savoured little of ceremony, he took her hand, and they ascended the steps together, Sir John Gage and the Vice-Chamberlain preceding them.

At this moment Gardiner and the other prelates came forth from the choir, and while the royal pair were standing there with the Bishop of Winchester, in full view of the immense assemblage, Don Juan de Figueroa, attended by Simon Renard, came towards them, and, bending the knee to Philip, presented a scroll to him.

"What means this, your excellency?" demanded the Prince, with a well-feigned look of astonishment.

"It means, your Highness," replied Figueroa, as he arose, "that your august sire, the Emperor, deeming it beneath the dignity of so high and mighty a sovereign as the Queen of England to wed with one of rank inferior to her own, has by this act resigned to your Highness the crown of Naples and Sicily, with the Duchy of Milan, and divers other seats and signories. From this moment, sire, you are King of Naples, and as such her Majesty's equal."

"A right noble and gracious act, and worthy of my great father!" exclaimed Philip. "Does not your Majesty think so?"

"Nobly done, indeed, sire!" cried Mary. "I joy that you are King of Naples, but you could not be dearer to me than as Prince of Spain."

"The Emperor's great and generous act must be made known to the entire assemblage," said Gardiner.

"Be that task mine," rejoined Simon Renard.

Whereupon, silence being called by sound of trumpet, the Spanish ambassador advanced towards the edge of the steps, and in a loud voice, distinctly heard by the thousands congregated within the nave, announced what the Emperor had done for his son.

Tremendous acclamations followed, and the roof resounded with cries of "Long live the Emperor! Long live the King of Naples!"

No sooner had Simon Renard retired than Garter

King at Arms advanced with a couple of trumpeters, and proclaimed the styles and titles of the two sovereigns in the following formula:

"Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of England, France, Naples, Jerusalem, and Ireland; Defenders of the Faith; Princes of Spain and Sicily; Archdukes of Austria; Dukes of Milan, Burgundy, and Brabant; Counts of Hapsburg, Flanders, and Tyrol."

This proclamation being made, the trumpets were sounded, and the acclamations of the assemblage were renewed.

Preceded by Gardiner and the other prelates, ceremoniously marshalled by the Grand Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, and attended by the principal nobles, English and Spanish, forming an assemblage of unrivalled splendour, the royal pair —now equals in dignity—marched hand in hand to the beautiful Lady Chapel, built by Bishop Godfrey de Lucy, where the marriage was solemnised by Gardiner, assisted by the other prelates,

the royal bride being given away in the name of the realm by the Marquis of Winchester and the Earls of Pembroke and Derby.

In all respects the ceremony was admirably performed. The prelates gathered round the richly-decked altar, the royal couple kneeling before it on velvet faldstools, the grand assemblage of English and Spanish nobles grouped around, the proud dames of both nations filling the galleries on either side of the chapel—all constituted a superb picture.

The solemnity ended, the royal couple returned to the choir, where a cloth of estate had been prepared for them, beneath which they sat while *Te Deum* was solemnly sung. Here the picture was even grander than that exhibited in the Lady Chapel, because it comprehended so much more of the cathedral. Fortunately, it could be seen by the vast crowd in the nave.

All being concluded, the royal couple quitted the sacred edifice, walking hand in hand beneath

the canopy. Before them marched the Earls of Pembroke and Derby, each bearing a sword of state.

In this manner, amid the thunder of artillery, the sounding of trumpets, and the shouts of the crowd, they returned to Wolvesey Castle, where a grand banquet was given, followed by a state ball.

VI.

HOW PHILIP, WITH FOUR-AND-TWENTY NOBLE GUESTS, DINED AT ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE IN WINCHESTER CASTLE; AND HOW THE FEAST ENDED.

THE royal couple sojourned at Wolvesey Castle for a week, and during that time a series of grand entertainments were given to all the nobility who had attended the marriage ceremony. Pageants were exhibited in the city, and in the pleasant meads beyond the South Gate sports and pastimes of various kinds took place—to wit, archery, horse-races, foot-races, throwing of heavy weights, wrestling, rowing and swimming matches in the

Itchen, bear-baiting, badger-baiting, bull-running, cock-fighting, duck-hunting in the river, and other diversions, in which our ancestors delighted. These sports, many of which were novel to them, afforded much amusement to Philip and the Spanish nobles.

Mindful of his promise to the Duke of Norfolk to feast his grace at Arthur's Round Table in Winchester Castle, Philip appointed the day before his departure for the banquet. Twenty-four guests were invited, half of whom were English nobles, and the other half Spanish grandees.

In the midst of the great hall of the castle, which was more than a hundred and fifty feet long, and with a lofty roof of open rafters, richly sculptured, was placed

> ——the pride of warlike years,
> Old Arthur's board—

in other words, the famous Round Table, at which King Arthur and his illustrious knights had often feasted.

Framed by Uter Pendragon, Arthur's royal sire, who flourished early in the sixth century, or more than twelve hundred years ago, this wondrous table was given by him to King Leodegraunce of Camelyard, who held it in high esteem. When Leodegraunce bestowed his fair daughter, the lovely but erring Guenever, upon Arthur, he sent him at the same time, as the richest present he could bestow, the royal table, causing it to be conveyed by a hundred knights. Enchanted with the gift, Arthur forthwith instituted the order of the Round Table (the earliest military order of knighthood), and had the places appointed for himself and his twenty-four knights blessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. So runs the legend. But by whomsoever fashioned, the Round Table was at least remarkable for antiquity in the time of Henry VIII., who had it fresh painted for use at the banquet given by him to the Emperor Charles V. It still exists, as we have already intimated, and is constructed of stout oaken planks,

painted in parti-coloured rays, on the borders of which

> Some British pen has sketched the names renowned,
> In marks obscure, of Arthur's deathless peers.

Obscure as are the characters, the names of Sir Tristram, Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahad, Sir Percival, Sir Gawaine, Sir Ector, Sir Bors, and other peerless knights, may be read upon this scroll of fame. In Cromwell's time the Round Table narrowly escaped destruction from the parliamentary soldiers, who never lost an opportunity of committing sacrilege of some kind. They set it up as a target, and perforated it with bullets. In the centre of the board is the Tudor rose, and the sovereign's place is indicated by a full-length portrait of Henry VIII., seated under a canopy with an ermine mantle over his shoulders, and holding the orb and sword.

The great hall in which the Round Table was set was hung with ancient and somewhat faded arras, representing in one place the interview of

the twelve Roman knights with Arthur, and in another the renowned British king receiving his sword Excalibur from the Lady of the Lake. Five-and-twenty suits of armour of colossal size were placed on stands against the walls, while the intervals were filled with trophies composed of shields, spears, swords, battle-axes, maces, and other weapons. The cushion of each chair was embroidered in letters of gold with the name of its occupant. A curiously carved oak chair, in which bluff King Hal had sat, was assigned to Philip. On his right sat the Lord Chancellor, and on the left the Duke of Norfolk. The place next to Gardiner was allotted to the Duke of Alva, while Norfolk's neighbour was the Duke of Medina Celi. In this wise were the twenty-four guests disposed—English and Spanish nobles alternately. .

No diaper covered the capacious board. But it was loaded with salvers, dishes, goblets, and plates of gold and silver. Sideboards, also, glittering with plate and drinking vessels, were ranged

around the hall. A multitude of pages, esquires, and gentlemen were in attendance. The banquet consisted of five courses, and comprised calvered salmon, stewed lampries, slices of sturgeon, a porpoise in armour, soused pike and bream, trout from the Itchen—pronounced delicious—roast cygnets, a roast heron, wild-boar pie, a roast haunch of venison, a roast kid, ruffs, dotterels, bitterns, and many other good things. No restraint was placed upon his guests by the King, who, by his easy and jovial deportment, seemed to invite familiarity. The Spanish grandees declared they had never before seen their royal master so full of mirth, and the Duke of Norfolk vowed that he equalled the Emperor in good fellowship. Certes, his Majesty jested as much, and laughed as heartily, as the rest of the company. So infectious was the merriment, that even the stern features of the Duke of Alva relaxed into a smile.

At the close of the repast, and as soon as the chargers and other dishes had been removed, an

immense silver bowl, covered by a lid, was placed upon the table by the three gigantic yeomen of the guard, Og, Gog, and Magog — a task not accomplished without some difficulty — amidst the laughter of the guests, who eyed the stupendous vessel with astonishment.

"If that bowl be filled with hippocras, sire," exclaimed the Duke of Norfolk, "there must be enough liquor within it to drown us all, or to float a man-of-war."

Before any reply could be made, the attention of the company was attracted by a ringing sound proceeding from the vessel.

All the guests looked towards their royal host as if for explanation.

"I know not what it means," said the King, who appeared as much surprised as the rest. "Take off the lid, and let us see."

The order was obeyed by Og, whose countenance wore a broad grin, and as he raised the cover, the cause of the strange sounds became

manifest. In the midst of a sea of hippocras floated a silver boat, in which was seated Xit, in the guise of the Enchanter Merlin, and holding in his hand a silver ladle, with which he had struck the sides of the bowl, to intimate his presence. Raising himself carefully, so as not to upset the frail bark in which he was placed, the dwarf bowed as gracefully as circumstances would permit to Philip, and said, "Doubtless your Majesty is surprised to see me here, but I trust I shall not incur your sovereign displeasure when I say that my desire to be present at your banquet led me to adopt this expedient to gain admittance. Besides, I may be useful," he added, flourishing the ladle.

"Thou art welcome, thou sprightly imp," replied Philip, laughing. "Keep our goblets filled, that is all we require from thee."

"Gramercy, sire, I will endeavour to perform the office of butler to your entire satisfaction," replied Xit, filling the cup extended to him by the King.

After all the guests had been served, with great expedition and skill, Philip said to the dwarf, "Now, sirrah, a toast."

"I am greatly honoured by the command, sire," replied Xit. "My toast, I am well assured, will be drunk with enthusiasm, both by your Majesty and your illustrious guests. I will give your royal consort, and our most gracious mistress, the Queen. May Heaven shed its choicest blessings upon her!"

"Well said, thou merry knave!" cried Philip. "No toast could be more agreeable to us. My lords, we will dedicate this cup to the Queen."

The toast was rapturously drunk by the assemblage, but just as the goblets were emptied an unexpected incident occurred. In the excitement of the moment, and while waving the ladle, Xit lost his balance, and plunged headforemost into the vinous flood beneath him. As he emerged the next moment, his half-drowned appearance caused shouts of laughter from the company, which

were echoed by all the pages, esquires, and other attendants.

"Marry, thou hast had a bath such as few men have enjoyed," observed Philip, laughing.

"I would rather it had been water, sire," spluttered Xit. "I shall never enjoy the flavour of hippocras again. I pray you let me be taken hence."

"There is no hurry," cried the Duke of Norfolk, laughing immoderately. "We cannot let thee go yet. Make the most of thy position, and quaff thy fill. The wine is spoiled for all but thee."

"Were I to quaff more than I have already done, I should become a sorry spectacle, your grace, and might offend this noble company," observed Xit. "I have no desire to die the death of the Duke of Clarence."

"Take him hence," said Philip, who thought the jest had lasted long enough; "but let him not out of the bowl till its contents be emptied."

On this, the three giants, lifting the mighty

bowl from the table, conveyed it to another part of the hall, where they set it down. The King's commands were scrupulously obeyed. Notwithstanding Xit's piteous entreaties to be set free, he was detained a prisoner till the whole of the hippocras had been drunk. To this end the giants lent their best assistance, but before it could be fully accomplished the King and his noble guests had departed. So ended the banquet at Arthur's Round Table.

Next day Philip and Mary, attended by their whole court, and by the Spanish grandees, quitted Winchester, and proceeded by easy stages to Windsor.

VII.

OF PHILIP'S PUBLIC ENTRY INTO LONDON.

THE court had not been long at Windsor Castle, ere most of the Spanish grandees who had accompanied Philip, finding that owing to the terms of the marriage-treaty, which were strictly enforced by Gardiner and the council, no posts could be given them in the government, quitted England in disgust. As the Duke of Alva took leave of the King, he observed, "I am loth to leave your Majesty with this people, but as you have no present need of my services, while I may be of use to the Emperor, I deem it best to go."

"Have no fears for me, my Lord Duke," replied Philip. "I am perfectly secure. I have paid a heavy price for the support of the English nobles—but I think I can count upon it."

"Do not trust them, sire. The English nobles are treacherous as corrupt, and will fall off when most needed. Had your Majesty but listened to me, and pursued the bold course I suggested, you might now be King of England—not in name merely, but in reality. It is not yet too late. Say the word, and I remain."

"No; you must go, Alva. I grieve to part with you, as with my other nobles, but your presence here is prejudicial to my plans."

"I see not how that can be, sire. You yield too much to English prejudices. Pardon me for saying so, but you ought to be lord and master in your own house, and not subject to your wife—albeit she is a Queen."

"Why, so I am, Alva," replied the King, smiling. "Her Majesty refuses me nothing."

"Except the matrimonial crown, sire," said the Duke, bluntly. "She will not give you that. Neither will she place the supreme power of government in your hands, nor cause you to be declared presumptive heir to the crown."

"She dare not do so, Alva," observed Philip, coldly.

"I know not that," said the Duke. "For such a result all should be dared."

"Her Majesty will accede to my wishes in due time," said the King. "Should there be an heir to the throne, all difficulties will be removed."

"Ay, if there should—but the event may never occur," cried Alva, impatiently. "Again I say, why wait? With such a prize within your grasp, why hesitate to seize it? Oh! that your Majesty would leave the work to me."

"I could not trust you," said the King. "You would ruin all by precipitancy. My plan is slow, but sure. Farewell, my Lord Duke. The saints give you a good journey to Brussels. Commend

me in all love and duty to the Emperor, and say that in due time I trust he will have a grandson."

"Would I could add that heresy were completely extirpated from the realm, and the papal supremacy re-established," observed Alva.

"That will follow immediately on the arrival of Cardinal Pole," said Philip. "Most of the English nobles and men of wealth, as you know, have shared in the monstrous spoliation of the Church that occurred during the two previous reigns, and these persons will never acknowledge the supreme authority of the Pontiff, unless their ill-gotten possessions are secured to them. Until this point be conceded by his Holiness, the Lord Chancellor assures me it will be futile and even dangerous to propose the measure. Manriquez has been despatched to Rome to argue the matter with the Pope, and, till the question be decided, Cardinal Pole must be detained at Brussels. This you will explain to the Emperor."

"Humph!" exclaimed Alva. "I half hope the

Pope may refuse your Majesty's request, and then you will be compelled to have recourse to me to force these robbers to disgorge their plunder. 'Tis a dreadful wrong to the Church."

"I feel the injustice as keenly as you can do, Alva," rejoined the King; "but since the grievance cannot be redressed, it must be borne in patience."

"Well, we must hope for better days, when these plunderers will meet their deserts on the scaffold and the gibbet," said Alva. "I now take my leave of your Majesty." So saying, he departed.

That any assumption of regal power on the part of Philip would be resisted, was shown by a slight incident which occurred shortly afterwards. On the King's installation as a Knight of the Garter, in order to give greater importance to the proceeding the royal arms of England were taken down in Saint George's Chapel by the chief herald, at the instance of Simon Renard, and the

arms of Castile and Aragon set up in their stead. But as soon as the change was discovered by the Earl of Arundel and Sir John Gage, they sharply reprimanded the herald, and, at the risk of offending Philip, caused the Spanish arms to be forthwith taken down and those of England restored.

Philip had many secret enemies, but none so active or so dangerous as the French ambassador. Notwithstanding the ill success of his previous plot, and the narrow escape he had run, De Noailles continued his intrigues among the factious and discontented. As Mary could not refuse to receive him at court without embroiling herself with France, he had opportunities of carrying out a design, which he had conceived, of occasioning a rupture between the King and Queen. Aware of Philip's infidelities, and of the Queen's jealousy of disposition, he did not despair of accomplishing this project. By means of spies, who were well paid for the service, he kept a strict watch

over the King's proceedings, hoping to make some discovery that might serve his purpose.

From a cause which we shall proceed to explain, Philip began to lose the popularity he had acquired on his first arrival. Though he continued extremely affable and condescending to the English nobles—far more so than he was to those of his own nation—and though he made them large gifts, in the hope of securing their friendship, he never could overcome their distrust, which was kept alive by the subtle practices of the French ambassador. Moreover, Spanish usages began to prevail at court, and these were highly distasteful to the English. Greater etiquette and formality were observed. The doors were not thrown open as they used to be, and those who desired an audience of their Majesties, even on matters of urgency, were detained long in the ante-chambers. So that although the King did not meddle with the government—at all events not directly—it was soon felt that the court was absolutely under his control. None

but those high in his favour were admitted to him without much form and ceremony, which was especially irksome to the older English nobles, who had enjoyed easy access to the sovereign in the reign of Henry VIII. And there was every appearance that this strictness would increase rather than diminish.

Philip's public entry into London was not made until the latter end of August. Preparatory to the ceremony, the royal pair removed to Richmond Palace, where they stayed for two or three days, and then proceeded by water in a state barge, attended by all their retinue in other barges, to the Bishop of Winchester's palace at Southwark. They were received with great ceremony by Gardiner, and passed the night under his roof.

Next day, accompanied by a numerous and magnificent cortége, comprising all the chief officers of the court, together with many of the nobility, the royal pair passed over London-bridge into the City. The Queen, whose splendid attire of cloth

of gold blazed with jewels of inestimable value, sat in a gilt chariot, drawn by six horses in housings of white satin, embroidered with gold, ridden by pages of honour in crimson satin. Her Majesty was accompanied by three of her principal ladies. Mounted on his fiery Andalusian barb, which was trapped with black taffetas, guarded with silver lace, Philip appeared to great advantage in his black velvet doublet, short mantle bordered with pearls, and berret with black and white plumes. He was attended by fifty horsemen in trappings of crimson velvet, with the arms of Spain embroidered on them in gold, with edges of silk and gold and fringe of the same. Besides these, there were fifty pages in liveries of carnation satin, passmented with silver and black lace, and black silk caps, adorned with carnation and black plumes. A troop of halberdiers in full equipments formed the vanguard of the royal procession, and another brought up the rear. In front of the cortége rode a large band of musicians, consisting

of trumpets, clarions, kettle-drums, and other martial instruments. These musicians were accoutred in scarlet mandillions, guarded with gold, and had the royal badge on the front and at the back. The pennons of the trumpets and clarions were likewise embroidered with the royal arms, and all the horses were caparisoned in scarlet satin, guarded with gold lace. As the procession passed over London-bridge, a loud peal of ordnance burst from the Tower batteries, and was continued by the guns of all the ships moored off the wharves.

At the gate then defending the entrance to the City from the bridge, the three gigantic yeomen of the guard were stationed, who reverently saluted the King and Queen as they passed by, and at the conduit of Gracechurch-street, which had been newly decorated for the occasion, was a large painting representing the Nine Worthies. Noticeable amongst these august personages was Henry VIII., who was portrayed in armour. The idea of the artist had been to depict the great De-

fender of the Faith in the act of presenting the Bible to his son and successor, Edward VI., the sacred volume being inscribed in large characters *Verbum Dei;* but the device gave great offence to Gardiner, who ordered the limner, on pain of losing his ears, to obliterate this part of the picture, which he accomplished more effectually than tastefully, by brushing out the King's right hand.

In Cheapside there was another large picture, representing the "Five Philips"—namely, Philip of Macedon, Philip the Emperor, Philip the Bold, Philip the Good, and Philip, Prince of Spain and King of England.

Many pageants were exhibited to the King and Queen on their way through the City. All the houses were decorated with cloth of gold and silver, arras and velvet, while thousands flocked forth to welcome the Queen and her royal consort. Owing to the frequent stoppages, the progress of the cortége was slow, and it did not reach Whitehall for some hours.

Philip was by no means satisfied with the reception he had met with. The populace had cheered him but slightly; and murmurs against Spain, and allusions to the Inquisition, occasionally reached his ears. Moreover, he remarked that many persons regarded him with ill-concealed looks of aversion.

"These citizens do not like me," he thought. "Ere long, they shall be taught to fear me."

Soon after this, a gloom was thrown over the court by the death of the Duke of Norfolk. The Queen went into mourning for the venerable nobleman, to whom she was sincerely attached, and all festivities were suspended. Their Majesties removed to Hampton Court, where Philip environed himself more and more in Spanish form and etiquette. Difficult of access before, he was now almost unapproachable.

VIII.

SHOWING HOW CONSTANCE TYRRELL EMBRACED THE REFORMED FAITH.

We will now see what had befallen Constance Tyrrell. When Father Jerome, in obedience to Philip's injunctions, went over to Southampton to see her, he found her in the Hospital of the Domus Dei, in attendance upon Derrick Carver. So far from attempting to dissuade her from entering a convent, and devoting her life to Heaven, the good priest urged her strongly to carry out her design, but, to his great affliction, he found that a sudden and most unexpected change had

come over her. The earnest exhortations addressed to her by the enthusiastic Derrick Carver had already produced a sensible impression, and she seemed more than half-disposed to secede from the Church of Rome, and embrace the Reformed Faith. In vain Father Jerome remonstrated with her, and urged her to fly from the mischievous influence to which she was exposed. Failing in his endeavours, he repaired to Master Tyrrell, and informed him of his daughter's danger; but the old merchant treated the matter with indifference, and the worthy priest departed with a sad heart.

Sorely perplexed how to act for the best, Father Jerome, after much hesitation and delay, caused a communication to be made to the Queen, through her confessor, of the lamentable change that had taken place in Constance's religious opinions.

Mary manifested great surprise and displeasure at the intelligence, and directed that Constance should be brought to Hampton Court, where her Majesty was then sojourning, in order that she

might confer with the unhappy maiden in person, and see how far the mischief had proceeded, and what could be done for its cure.

Constance accordingly was summoned from Southampton, and had several private interviews with the Queen, who soon discovered that Derrick Carver had succeeded in effecting her conversion. By the advice of her Majesty's confessor, who felt sure he could bring back the stray lamb to the fold, Constance was detained for a time within the palace.

No mention having been made of this proceeding to Philip, it was only by accident that he became aware that Constance was an inmate of the palace. On making the discovery, he went, wholly unattended, to the apartments wherein he had ascertained she was lodged. On entering the ante-chamber, he found old Dorcas, who appeared terrified at the sight of him, and who, without stopping to be questioned, exclaimed that her young mistress was unable to see his Majesty

"But I must see her," rejoined Philip, authoritatively. "Go in at once, mistress, and tell her I am here."

Seeing from the King's manner that remonstrance would be useless, the old woman complied, and drawing aside a piece of tapestry, entered the inner room. In another moment she returned, and prayed his Majesty to step in.

Passing through the tapestry, Philip entered the room, where he found Constance alone. She was attired in black, and looked pale as death, and was evidently greatly agitated. She made the King a profound reverence, but did not raise her eyes towards him.

"So you have been here for some days, I find," cried Philip, "and have allowed me to remain in ignorance of your presence, though you know how anxious I have been to behold you again. I began to fear I had lost you for ever, and that you had really carried your threat into execution, and buried your charms in a convent."

"A great change has come over me, sire," rejoined Constance. "I have wholly abandoned that intention."

"I rejoice to hear it," cried the King. "I despatched Father Jerome to you, and I suppose his arguments prevailed?"

"No, sire," rejoined Constance; "I have been turned aside from my purpose by better arguments than any Father Jerome could employ."

"Nay, I care not who dissuaded you," replied Philip, "I am content with the resolution you have taken. I have been wretched—most wretched since we parted, Constance."

"Your Majesty cannot have been half so wretched as I have been," she rejoined. "However, I have in some degree recovered my peace of mind, and I beseech you not to plunge me into misery again."

"I must tell you how passionately I adore you," exclaimed the King. "The love which you kindled in my breast when I first beheld you

burns fiercer than ever, and cannot be extinguished. By my hopes of Paradise, fair Constance, I love you—only you."

"Cease, sire, cease!" cried Constance. "I cannot listen to you—I must not."

"But you must—you shall listen to me," cried Philip, still more passionately. "You *shall* hear how constantly I have thought of you. Your image has been ever before me. I have tried to stifle my love, but without success. It has mastered me, as it masters me now. Behold me at your feet, sweet Constance!" he added, prostrating himself before her; "not the King—but your suppliant—your slave!"

"Rise, sire, I entreat you, from this unworthy posture," cried Constance. "Think of your duty to the Queen—all your love should be given to her."

"Such love as I bear for you, sweet Constance, I cannot give to her Majesty," rejoined Philip, "for as I have just declared, you have sole pos-

session of my heart. You need fear no rival in the Queen."

"Oh! hush, sire!—hush!" exclaimed Constance, with the utmost alarm. "You are overheard!—ha!—her Majesty!"

"The Queen here!" exclaimed Philip, springing to his feet.

And turning, he perceived that the Queen was pushing aside the hangings, and about to enter the room. Close behind her Majesty, whose looks proclaimed the depth of her indignation, came Sir John Gage. For a moment, Philip seemed embarrassed, but he quickly recovered himself. Mary regarded her faithless consort with flashing eyes, but repressed the bitter reproaches that rose to her lips, though her heart swelled almost to bursting, and the veins on her brow distended with rage.

It was an awful moment, and Sir John Gage looked greatly troubled. The silence was broken

by Constance, who flung herself at the Queen's feet, exclaiming:

"Do not judge me harshly, gracious madam. Do not suppose that I have failed in duty to your Majesty. Do not deem that I have been a consenting party to this meeting. On my soul I have not. The King will confirm my assertion. Speak, sire, speak!"

Unable to resist this appeal, Philip said, "It is the truth, madam. I alone am to blame."

"You hear, gracious madam," cried Constance. "His Majesty acquits me. My sole crime is, that I have unhappily attracted his attention."

"And that is crime enough, minion," said Mary, regarding her fiercely. "You shall expiate the offence with your life. I will show you no mercy. Call in the guard, Sir John," she added to Gage.

"Take heed how you obey that order, Sir John," interposed Philip. "I am equal in authority here, and I forbid you. Your Majesty

will do well to pause," he added, with stern significance, to the Queen, "ere a breach be made between us that cannot be closed."

"Oh! do not let me be the cause of misunderstanding between yourself and the King your consort, gracious madam," cried Constance. "I am not worth it. If my life will restore the peace I have unhappily disturbed, take it. I will lay it down freely."

"It will be best to let her go, madam," observed Sir John Gage, in a low tone.

There was a pause, during which it was evident that Mary was struggling hard with her feelings. Constance, who still remained in a kneeling posture, watched her countenance with the keenest anxiety. Folding his arms on his breast, Philip looked on coldly. Mary at length spoke.

"You have said truly, minion," she observed. "You are not worth a quarrel between the King and myself. His Majesty has sought to screen you, by taking all blame upon himself, but I am

not to be deceived. If nothing more, you have been indiscreet."

"Indiscretion is a very venial fault," rejoined Philip. "But even that cannot justly be laid to this damsel's charge. Since her presence annoys you, let her leave the palace and return to her family."

"She *shall* leave the palace, and that without delay," rejoined Mary. "But she will be more secure in some religious house than with her family."

"I pray you let me return to my father," implored Constance, who had risen to her feet. "I will die rather than give you further cause of anxiety. But, as your Majesty is aware, I have quitted the Church of Rome."

"A heretic!" exclaimed Philip, aghast at the unexpected declaration. "To what is this sad change attributable? When I first beheld you, you were zealous and devout."

"I am zealous and devout still, I trust, sire,"

rejoined Constance. "But my eyes have been opened, and I reject as idolatrous and superstitious the worship which I formerly practised."

"I lament to hear it," replied Philip, with a look of pious horror. "My confessor, Father Alfonso, shall take you in hand. He will convince you of your errors."

"Nothing will shake me," said Constance. "My belief is fixed. I would rather endure martyrdom than peril my salvation."

"Your firmness may be put to the test," observed the Queen, severely. "Your Majesty, methinks," she added to Philip, "will scarcely attempt to defend her now."

"I am horror-stricken!" exclaimed the King. "I could not have believed in so sudden and sad a defection. Who is the author of this evil work? To whose baneful counsel have you listened? Is it from the would-be assassin, Derrick Carver, that you have imbibed these pernicious opinions?"

"I have heard the truth from his lips, sire," returned Constance.

"I guessed as much," said Philip; "and it is from this polluted source that you expect the water of life to flow? I did not believe you capable of such weakness. I can no longer oppose her Majesty's design of placing you in some religious house, where discipline and good counsel may bring you back to the faith from which you have swerved."

"If mild measures prove ineffectual, others must be adopted," observed Mary.

"Do with me as you will," said Constance, resignedly. "I am in your Majesty's hands, and am prepared to seal my faith with my blood."

"Were anything wanting to convince me of the necessity of utterly extirpating heresy from the realm, I should now be satisfied," remarked Mary. "An example shall be made of this mischievous Derrick Carver. He shall be delivered over to the

religious tribunals, to be dealt with according to his deserts. Prepare for immediate departure," she added to Constance. "I myself will give instructions respecting you."

Constance bowed submissively.

By this time the Queen's anger towards her consort had somewhat subsided, and she said to him in a somewhat kindlier tone, "Your Majesty can have no further business here. I will pray you to accompany me."

Philip bowed. As he quitted the chamber with the Queen, he cast a parting glance at Constance, who remained in the same humble attitude, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

IX.

IN WHAT MANNER CONSTANCE FLED FROM HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

THE unhappy girl was still alone in her chamber, having scarcely moved since the departure of the royal pair, when the fold of tapestry that masked the doorway was drawn quickly aside, and Osbert Clinton stood before her, pale and agitated.

"I have come to save you," he cried, abruptly. "I know what has occurred. The Queen designs to send you to a convent."

"True," she rejoined, sadly. "Her Majesty

may deal with me as she thinks fit. But all efforts to compel me to return to the faith I have abjured will prove ineffectual."

"But this is not the real danger by which you are threatened," he continued. "The King will not permit her Majesty's intentions to be carried out, and has ordered me to convey you away privately to a secure retreat, where there will be no risk of discovery by his jealous consort. You will escape the convent, but only to encounter a worse fate."

"I will die rather than submit," she cried, despairingly. "Pity me, kind Heaven! pity me!"

"Hear me, Constance," he cried. "The avowal I am about to make is wrung from me by the circumstances in which you are placed. I love you to desperation, and would plunge my sword in Philip's heart rather than you should fall a sacrifice to him. Dismiss all doubts, and trust yourself with me. I will lay down my life for you."

"If I consent, whither would you take me?"

she demanded. "But no! I cannot—dare not fly with you."

"You wrong me by these suspicions, Constance," he cried, half reproachfully. "Loving you as I do, could I do aught to injure you?"

"But the King himself professes to love me——"

"He loves you not—his vows are false," interrupted Osbert, bitterly. "Shun him as you would shame and dishonour. If you have any love for him, tear it from your breast—no matter what the pang!—it can only lead to guilt and remorse."

"I have no love for him now," she rejoined; "and if for a moment I yielded credence to his vows and passionate declarations, I have expiated the offence by tears and contrition. My constant prayer has been never to behold him more."

"All further peril may be averted if you will confide in me. Give me a husband's right to defend you, and not all the world shall tear you from me. You cannot return to your father. He would not dare to give you shelter. And to enable me

to watch over and protect you without damage to your fair fame, we must be bound together by sacred ties."

"Speak of this hereafter," she rejoined. "You have convinced me of your sincerity, and I will trust you. Take me hence—whither I care not—so I am freed from the King."

"Come, then," rejoined Osbert. "No one will stay us. I have an order from the King, which will prevent all hindrance."

"But you will endanger yourself by the step you are about to take," she said, hesitating.

"Heed not that," he rejoined. "I am prepared for the worst. Come!"

They were about to quit the chamber, when they were stopped by old Dorcas, to whom her mistress hastily explained the necessity of flight.

"I can help you in this extremity," exclaimed the old woman. "I will show you a ready means of leaving the palace without traversing the corridor. While lifting the hangings against yon

wall, I discovered a secret door opening upon a staircase, which I had the curiosity to examine, and found it led through a small postern to the garden. I meant to tell you of my discovery."

"You could not have reserved it for a better moment," said Osbert. "Adopt this plan, it will be safest," he added to Constance.

"Heaven be praised!" she exclaimed. "I can now escape without imperilling you!"

"Think not of me," he rejoined. "Pass through the secret door at once, but do not enter the garden till night, when I will meet you in the yew-tree alley. Meanwhile, I will make preparations for your conveyance to a place of safety. Delay not, I beseech you. Each moment is precious."

Thus urged, Constance snatched up a mantle and a few other articles, and declared she was ready to depart; whereupon Osbert drew back the hangings, while old Dorcas touched the spring of the secret door, which was artfully contrived in the oak panels. Casting a grateful look at her pre-

server, Constance disappeared with her old attendant.

Another minute and it would have been too late. Scarcely had the tapestry fallen to its place, when sounds proclaimed that several persons had entered the ante-chamber, and the next moment Sir John Gage presented himself, accompanied by Father Alfonso. They both looked surprised on finding Osbert alone.

"You are too late, Sir John!" cried the young man, forcing a laugh. "The bird has flown."

"Flown! not out of the window, I presume; though I see not how she can otherwise have escaped," rejoined Gage. "She cannot have passed through the corridor, or we must have met her. Where can she be?"

"Nay, I can give you no information, Sir John," rejoined Osbert. "On my arrival here a few moments ago, I found the room vacant, that is all I know."

"She appears to have taken her old attendant

with her," said Gage. "However, we shall easily discover her hiding-place. She cannot have quitted the palace."

"Stay! is there no closet in the room?" said Father Alfonso, peering round. "Ha! here is one—but it is empty," he added, on opening it.

"We must seek her elsewhere," observed Gage. "I shall not be sorry if she has got away altogether," he added in a low tone to Osbert, as they quitted the room, followed by Father Alfonso. "But what will her Majesty say to it?"

"Rather, what will the King say," rejoined Osbert. "He will be furious."

"It may be his contrivance," remarked Gage. "I suspect you know more about the matter than you choose to tell, and could find the damsel if you thought proper."

All search for the fugitives proved fruitless. The secret staircase was not detected.

When Constance's disappearance was reported to the Queen, her Majesty was greatly irritated,

and her suspicions fell upon the King. Philip was equally angry, and equally at fault, attributing Constance's evasion to the Queen's agency, and believing that her Majesty had had recourse to this stratagem to baffle his designs.

Not until after midnight, and when all was still within the palace, did Osbert Clinton venture into the garden. Fortunately, the night was dark and cloudy. On hearing his footsteps, Constance and her attendant came from out the alley in which they were hidden, and followed him noiselessly along various grassy paths to a gate opening upon the park.

In a few moments more the party had reached the banks of the Thames, when Osbert gave a signal. Immediately the plash of oars was heard on the other side of the river, and a wherry, rowed by two men, could be descried through the gloom, pulling towards them.

Constance and her old attendant were quickly placed within the boat by Osbert, and this was

no sooner accomplished, than the boatmen, without a moment's delay, pushed off, and dashed swiftly down the stream.

Osbert listened, till the sound of the oars could no longer be heard, and then returned with a light heart to the palace, entering it as secretly as he had come forth.

As Osbert had foreseen, messengers were despatched by the Queen to Southampton to ascertain whether Constance had sought refuge with her father. If so, she was instantly to be brought back. After three days' absence, the messengers returned, bringing with them Master Tyrrell. He could give no account of his daughter, but pledged himself to deliver her up at once to the Queen in case she might reappear. On this understanding he was immediately released.

Another circumstance which occurred at this juncture contributed to heighten the Queen's displeasure. She had instructed the messengers sent to Southampton to arrest Derrick Carver; but

on the very day before their arrival, the enthusiast, who by this time had recovered from his wounds, had quitted the hospital of the Domus Dei, and, it was thought, had passed over to France, as a vessel had just sailed thither from the port. In whatever way it was accomplished, Carver's escape was a source of vexation to the Queen.

X.

WHERE CONSTANCE FOUND A PLACE OF REFUGE

An old habitation situated on the banks of the river between the gardens of Durham-place and the Savoy Hospital, then recently restored by Mary, served Constance as an asylum. Thither she had been brought, after remaining a few days in a little hostel near Richmond.

The house had been long uninhabited, and was in a very dilapidated state. At the back there was a tolerably extensive garden, facing the river, and containing several fine trees, but, like the house to which it appertained, it was much ne-

glected. Three or four back rooms, looking upon the garden, had been hastily furnished; but no change was made in the front of the habitation, for fear of exciting suspicion. Luckily, the garden was not overlooked, being bounded on the west by the high walls of Durham-place.

Though shut out from the world, Constance was far from finding her present mode of existence wearisome. Her time was fully employed either in her devotions, in reading, or in some feminine occupation. She never ventured forth except into the garden, and only took exercise there at night.

Of necessity, Osbert's visits were rare, and stealthily paid. As the safest course, he approached the house by water, landed in a wherry at the stairs of Durham-place, and then scaled the garden wall. These short and stolen visits, which were always paid at night, could not be otherwise than agreeable to Constance, and she looked forward to his coming with interest; and if, as sometimes

chanced, he did not appear at the usual hour, she retired sadly.

Under such circumstances, it will not appear surprising that the gratitude felt by the damsel for her preserver should ripen into a warmer feeling. After the first ardent declaration of his passion made to her, Osbert refrained for a while from renewing his suit; but at length, emboldened by the evident change in her manner, he ventured again, with as much impassioned earnestness as before, to pour forth his protestations of affection, coupled with entreaties to her to consent to a speedy union.

To these oft-repeated solicitations she at last replied that she would not attempt to disguise her feelings, but would frankly own that he was now absolute master of her heart, yet still there was a serious obstacle to their marriage.

"An obstacle?" exclaimed Osbert. "Of what nature? Can it not be overcome? Speak! speak!"

"Herein then it lies," she rejoined. "Our creeds are different. I have abjured the errors and idolatries of Rome, while you still cling to them."

"Granted," replied Osbert; "but this need be no hindrance to our union. I shall not quarrel with you on account of your religion. Who knows," he added, lightly, "but that in due time you may convert me?"

"Heaven grant me power to do so!" she exclaimed, fervently. "Oh! that I could withdraw you from the paths of error, and bring you to those of truth. But much as I love you—much as I owe you—till you are converted, I never can be yours. I have scruples of conscience which cannot be overcome. I should not be happy if I felt there was a barrier between us which neither could pass. Better far we should never come together than be hereafter estranged. I could not respect you—could not love you with my whole heart, if you continued a Papist."

"But I have said I may possibly be converted," said Osbert.

"Your conversion must take place before our marriage," rejoined Constance. "On that condition alone will I consent."

"Well, then, commence the good work," he said. "I promise to be a patient listener, and will strive to profit by your exhortations."

Gladly she obeyed, and proceeded to employ the arguments which had proved so prevailing in her own case, and with every prospect of success, her influence over her hearer being unbounded.

But though this difficulty was overcome, another arose. Constance declared that her father's sanction to her marriage was indispensable. In vain Osbert remonstrated. She remained firm, and finding she could not be moved, he at last set out for Southampton, to see Master Tyrrell on the subject.

The old merchant was indisposed to listen to him. He was deeply offended with his daughter.

He bewailed her apostasy, and declared he would neither receive her under his roof, nor hold any intercourse with her, so long as she entertained heretical opinions. If she returned, he should deliver her to the Queen, in fulfilment of his pledge. As a staunch Romanist, he could not conscientiously support a heretic, even though she were his own flesh and blood. Let Constance recant the religious opinions she had so imprudently adopted, and he would receive her with open arms. Till such time she must not come near him. He concluded his tirade by refusing consent to the marriage.

Deeply disappointed at his want of success, Osbert returned to London. On seeking Constance's place of shelter, he found, to his surprise, that there was a guest in the house. This was Derrick Carver, who, it will be remembered, disappeared from Southampton just before the order for his arrest arrived, and had escaped, as was supposed, to France. Instead of flying his country,

however, Carver had proceeded along the coast to his native place, Brightelmstone, where he remained for a short time, but, fearing discovery, he removed to Lewes, and thence to London.

Being nearly destitute, he had endured great hardship, and was driven almost to extremity, when he accidentally met old Dorcas, who was purchasing provisions, and following her, made himself known, as soon as he could do so with safety. Touched by his miserable condition, the kind-hearted old dame took him home with her. He was joyfully received by Constance, and offered an asylum, which he gratefully accepted.

Such a guest, it will be easily conceived, was by no means agreeable to Osbert, and he would gladly have got rid of him, had it been possible. Carver's presence introduced a new element of danger by increasing the chances of discovery, while his society had a very perceptible effect upon Constance's spirits and manner. Before his arrival, she had quite regained her sere-

nity. But the sternness and austerity of the religious fanatic had cast a gloom over her, which could not be dispelled. The greater part of her time was passed in prayer, in the perusal of godly books, or in listening to Carver's exhortations.

Osbert was obliged to inform her that he had failed in obtaining her father's consent, but he earnestly besought her to fulfil her promise, and make him happy by becoming his bride. Before assenting she consulted Derrick Carver, who at once decided that under such circumstances the marriage could not take place. She must perforce wait. The enthusiast's aim seemed to be to alienate her thoughts from things of this world, and wean her, as he said, from all carnal affections. No wonder Osbert regarded him with dislike.

But the unhappy lover had another and more serious cause of disquietude. He had trusted that distractions of various kinds would efface Constance's image from the King's breast. But he was deceived. Though constantly engaged in

some little affair of gallantry, concerning which he made no secret to Osbert, Philip often spoke of her, and in terms showing that his passion was unabated. Osbert's jealous rage at these confidences well-nigh caused him to betray himself, and his anger was not lessened when the King expressed his firm conviction that Constance must sooner or later fall into his power. Though Osbert deemed such a mischance improbable, the apprehension of it filled him with uneasiness.

One day Philip, who treated him with great familiarity, jestingly remarked:

"So you have got some secret love affair on hand, I hear, and nightly visit your inamorata."

"Who can have told your Majesty this absurd story?" rejoined Osbert, trying to hide his confusion by a laugh.

"No matter how I learnt it," said Philip. "Your manner convinces me it is true. But why should you be ashamed to confess the affair? Most of the young court gallants plume

themselves upon their successes, and talk openly of them."

"I am not one of those senseless boasters," observed Osbert, gravely.

"Now, by my faith, you take the matter so seriously, that I am satisfied there is more in it than I supposed," cried the King. "My curiosity is piqued. I must know who has thus enslaved you. Does she belong to the city or the court?"

"Your Majesty will pardon me, but I cannot answer these questions."

"As you please, sir. I will press you no further. But take care. I shall find out the lady. Nothing escapes me, as you well know. Had you told me who she is, I should have been satisfied, but since you attempt concealment, look to yourself—ha! ha!"

Though Philip laughed while saying this, there was a half-menace in his tone that increased Osbert's alarm.

Apprehensive that his movements might be watched, Osbert refrained that night from his

customary visit to Constance, but embarking as usual, instead of proceeding to Durham-place, crossed to the other side of the river. That he had acted wisely, was proved by the fact of another boat following him; and it soon became evident that he was watched. Next night he acted with like caution, but nothing occurred to excite his suspicions.

On the following night, therefore, he ventured to repair to Constance's hiding-place. But, instead of proceeding thither by water, he took a circuitous route, so as to mislead those who watched him, if any such there were.

Constance, who had been extremely uneasy at his unwonted absence, was yet more alarmed when she learned the cause of it; but he succeeded in allaying her fears, by telling her he would speedily find her another and yet more secure asylum, where she would be free from all risk of molestation.

"Methinks you magnify the peril," observed Derrick Carver. "Howbeit, if Mistress Constance

elects to quit this house, and seek another place of refuge, I will go with her. You may trust her to my care."

"I am content to do so," replied Osbert. "The danger is greater than you seem to imagine. After what has occurred, I do not think she can tarry longer in London; but by to-morrow night I will have arranged some definite plan, and, meantime, you must prepare for departure."

"I am ready at any moment," cried Constance; "now—if you deem it expedient."

"Nay, there is no such haste," rejoined Osbert. "By flying without due preparation, you would incur yet greater risk. Two days hence you shall be in perfect safety."

"Alas!" exclaimed Constance, "my mind misgives me, and I fear some dire calamity is in store for me."

"If it be so, you must bear it with fortitude," said Derrick Carver. "It has been my earnest endeavour to strengthen you for such an hour, and

I trust my efforts have not been in vain, but that you may be equal to whatever trial you are subjected. Nay, even should you be called upon to attest your devotion to the Gospel by enduring fiery torments, I am assured your courage will not forsake you, but that you will earn a crown of martyrdom."

"Heaven, in its mercy, grant she may be spared any such terrible trial!" exclaimed Osbert, shuddering.

"Rather than deny my faith, and return to that which I have abjured, I will suffer death in any shape," said Constance, "even accompanied by the most cruel torments."

"Your words fill me with joy, daughter," rejoined Carver, "and prove that my teaching has not been thrown away. Thus prepared, you need have no fear."

"I am resigned to whatever may happen," said Constance.

"Self-preservation is as much a duty as any

other," said Osbert, "and ought not to be neglected. Though prepared for the worst, you must not expose yourself to needless risk."

"I have said I am ready to depart whenever you may enjoin me to do so," replied Constance, "and will go wheresoever you may direct."

"I neither oppose her going, nor counsel her tarrying here," said Derrick Carver. "Act as we may, Heaven's designs will be fulfilled."

After some further discourse to the like effect, Osbert took leave, promising to return at the same hour on the following night.

XI.

HOW CONSTANCE'S RETREAT WAS DISCOVERED.

THE next day passed as usual with Constance. At night she was alone in the room, the windows of which have been described as opening upon the garden, and anxiously expecting Osbert's coming.

She was seated at a small table, perusing by the light of a single taper, which dimly illuminated the large but scantily-furnished apartment, one of the controversial tracts of the day, and essaying, but in vain, to fix her thoughts on what she read. Ever and anon she arose, and, going to

the window, looked forth. The night was profoundly dark, and nothing was discernible except the trees skirting the lawn.

"He is later than usual," she thought, as time went on. "Will he not come?"

Scarcely had she asked herself the question, when she distinctly heard footsteps without, and, concluding it must be Osbert, she passed through the window, and flew to meet him. She could just descry a figure, wrapped in a mantle, advancing towards her from beneath a tree.

In another moment this person, whom she took to be her lover, reached her, and seized her hand. Startled by the proceeding, she involuntarily exclaimed, "Is it you?"

"Yes, 'tis I—Osbert," rejoined the other, under his breath.

"I had almost given you up," she returned. "I feared something had occurred to prevent your coming."

The person she addressed made no reply. He

had recognised her voice, and mentally ejaculated, "Can it be possible that it is Constance Tyrrell!"

"You do not answer," she said, after a pause, "and your manner seems strange—very strange."

"'Tis she, by all the saints!" muttered the other. "Let us go in!" he added, drawing her through the open window into the room.

No sooner were they within the influence of the light, than the countenance of him she most dreaded on earth was revealed to Constance.

"The King!" she exclaimed, in accents of affright.

"Ay, the King," rejoined Philip, regarding her with fierce exultation. "So, I have found you at last, and where I looked for you least. Little did I deem you were the beauty secluded with such jealous care by Osbert Clinton. Little did I expect, when I took the trouble to ascertain who he kept concealed, that I should be so richly rewarded. Never for a moment did I suppose that he would

dare to rob me of my chief treasure. But he shall pay dearly for his audacity and treachery."

"Be not unjust towards him, sire," rejoined Constance. "In Osbert's place, you would have acted as he has acted. He loved me, and seeing the peril in which I stood, did not hesitate to deliver me."

"And you have not proved ungrateful for the service," retorted Philip, bitterly. "You have requited his devotion. The love refused to me has been bestowed freely on him."

"Osbert's love for me was not dishonourable, sire," she replied, "and in requiting it I committed no crime. I could not return your Majesty's love without guilt. By this time the passion I was unhappy enough to inspire you with must have subsided, and you will view my conduct less harshly."

"You are mistaken, madam," rejoined Philip, sternly. "I have never ceased to love you. I cannot regard you with indifference—even though

you deserve that I should do so. You are necessary to my happiness. You must—you shall be mine."

"Never!" exclaimed Constance, energetically.

"Hear me," pursued the King; "you are now wholly in my power. Having found you, be assured I shall not part with you again. I am willing to excuse your conduct — to pardon your lover's disobedience and deceit—nay, more, to continue my favour towards him — but this consideration on my part must be met by complaisance on yours."

"I reject the proposal without a moment's hesitation, sire," cried Constance, with scorn.

"Then mark what I have to say further," rejoined Philip. "I repeat, you are wholly in my power. Nothing can deliver you. On your decision hangs your lover's life. You — you will cause his immediate arrest—his imprisonment, torture—ay, torture—and death."

"Oh, say not so, sire!" she cried, all her firm-

ness deserting her. "What has he done to deserve such barbarous treatment?"

"He has dared to disobey me," rejoined Philip. "He has stepped between me and the object of my desires. But for your sake I am content to forego revenge—nay, to heap greater favours on his head. Will you cast him into a dungeon? Will you doom him to torture and death?"

"I cannot save him by the sacrifice you propose, sire," she rejoined, in tones of anguish. "Neither would he consent to be so saved."

"You have avouched the truth, Constance," exclaimed Osbert, springing through the open window, and placing himself between her and the King. "A thousand deaths rather than such a sacrifice."

"My clemency, I find, is thrown away," said Philip, haughtily. "Yet I will give you a few minutes for reflection. Perhaps your resolution may change. And he moved towards the window.

"It is needless, sire," rejoined Osbert. "Our determination is taken."

"Then prepare to part for ever," said Philip, sternly. "As to you, audacious and insensate traitor, you shall learn whose anger you have braved. It will be small alleviation, methinks, to your imprisonment to know that your mistress is in my power."

"Fear not the threat, Osbert," said Constance. "I will never yield to him."

"I do not ask your consent," rejoined Philip, derisively. "You are caught in a net from which there is no escape."

"Sooner than this shall be, my sword shall free the country from a tyrant," cried Osbert, plucking his rapier from its sheath.

"Ha! do you dare to raise your hand against me, traitor?" exclaimed Philip, stepping towards him, while Constance flung her arms about her lover, so as to prevent any movement on his part.

"Let him go," continued the King, after a pause, during which he sternly regarded the pair. "He wants the courage to play the assassin."

"You are right, sire," rejoined Osbert. "Draw, and defend your life."

"Peace, madman!" cried Philip, disdainfully. "Think you I will deign to cross swords with you?"

"Heaven grant me patience, I am driven to the verge of frenzy!" ejaculated Osbert, distractedly.

"At last you are beginning to comprehend your true position," observed Philip, in a taunting tone, "and perceive that you are utterly without help."

"Not utterly," cried a deep voice. And Derrick Carver strode into the room. "Heaven will not desert them in their need. Thou hast uttered threats against them which thou wilt never live to execute. Thou hast ventured into this dwelling, but wilt never return from it. My hand failed

me when I first struck at thee, but it will not fail me now."

"Make the attempt, then, if thou think'st so, assassin!" cried Philip, keeping his eye steadily upon him.

"Hold!" exclaimed Osbert. "His life is sacred."

"Not in my eyes," rejoined Carver. "It were a crime to my country and to my religion to spare their deadliest foe. He shall die by my hand."

"I say it must not be," cried Osbert. "No harm must be done him. Persist, and I come to his defence."

"Fool! you destroy yourself, and her who should be dearer to you than life, by this mistimed weakness," rejoined Derrick Carver. "Leave him to me."

"Again I say, forbear!" cried Osbert.

"I owe you no obedience, and will show none," retorted Carver, fiercely. "Have at thy heart, tyrant!" he exclaimed, drawing his sword.

But ere he could make the meditated attack, Philip placed a silver whistle to his lips, and sounding it, Rodomont Bittern, with his sword drawn in his hand, and followed by half a dozen halberdiers, entered through the window. The party instantly fell upon Derrick Carver, and, after a brief struggle, disarmed him.

"By Saint Thomas!" exclaimed Rodomont, regarding the enthusiast with surprise, "this is the murtherous villain whom we caught at Southampton. I cannot be mistaken in his ill-favoured visage."

"I will not deny myself," rejoined the other. "I am Derrick Carver. Heaven has permitted thee to thwart my righteous purpose for the second time."

"A plain proof that thy purpose is damnable, and that Heaven is against thee, thou bloodthirsty villain," rejoined Rodomont. "What is your Majesty's pleasure concerning him?" he asked of the King.

"Take him to the Tower," said Philip.

"It shall be done, sire. Have you any further commands?"

"Ay," replied Philip. "An hour ago I would not have believed that Osbert Clinton would raise his hand against me, but he has done so, and his life is forfeit. Take him also with you."

"Here is my sword, sir," said Osbert, delivering it to Rodomont. "I am ready to attend you."

Seating himself at the table, on which writing materials were placed, Philip took a paper from his doublet and proceeded to sign it. Just as he was about to consign the warrant to Rodomont, Constance, who had appeared transfixed with terror, rushed forward and threw herself at his feet.

"Have mercy on him, sire!" she cried. "Full well I know what will be his fate if sent to the Tower. Oh spare him! spare him!"

"I cannot listen to your entreaties," rejoined

Philip, coldly. "He has been guilty of high treason, and must pay the penalty of his offence."

"Do not intercede for me, Constance," said Osbert. "It is useless; he has no pity in his nature."

"I have none for those who deceive me," rejoined Philip, sternly. "Take him hence, sir," he added to Rodomont. "Here is your warrant."

"Oh no! let him not go thus!" shrieked Constance, starting to her feet, and falling into her lover's arms. "You will not separate us, sire?"

"Wherefore not?" demanded Philip. "Is he your husband?"

"Ay, in the eyes of Heaven. I am affianced to him," she replied.

"Even were you wedded to him you could not accompany him," rejoined the King. "But no marriage will ever take place between you. Bid him a lasting farewell. You will meet no more on earth."

"No more! You cannot mean it, sire. Oh, unsay those terrible words!" shrieked Constance.

Philip remained inflexible.

"Calm yourself, Constance, said Osbert. "I heed not what may happen to myself. My sole distress is in leaving you."

"Fear nothing on my account," she rejoined, in a low tone. "Heaven will protect me. Yet I will make one last effort to save you. Oh, sire," she added, approaching the King, "as you are great and powerful, be generous and merciful. Forgive him. He will offend no more. I am the cause of his disobedience. When I am gone he will be faithful as ever."

"On one condition I will spare him," said Philip, in a low tone.

"I dare not ask your Majesty what that condition is?" rejoined Constance, trembling.

"You may easily guess it," returned Philip. "Be mine."

"Then all hope is over," sighed Constance. "I will die rather than assent."

"So you think now," muttered Philip; "but I will find means to shake your stubbornness. Take hence the prisoners," he added aloud to Rodomont.

"I am equally guilty—if guilt there be," cried Constance, with a loud voice. "I take all present to witness that I utterly reject the doctrines of the Romish Church, and hold its ceremonies to be vain, superfluous, superstitious, and abominable."

"Be silent, imprudent girl," cried Philip.

"Be not afraid to speak out, daughter," cried Derrick Carver. "Truly you have profited by my exhortations."

"I will never forsake my opinions," said Constance, firmly, "but will maintain them at any tribunal before which I may be brought. After this declaration and confession, your Majesty must send me with the other prisoners."

"You have indeed put it out of my power to

befriend you," rejoined Philip, angrily. "Since you ask to be brought before a religious tribunal, you shall have your wish."

"I have succeeded in my design," whispered Constance to Osbert. "I shall not be separated from you. Your Majesty has conferred a boon upon me by this decision," she added to the King, "and I humbly thank you for it. Now, sir," to Rodomont, "you can take me to the Tower with my friends."

"Is such your Majesty's pleasure?" demanded Rodomont.

"No," replied Philip. "Let her be conveyed to some place of imprisonment, but not to the Tower."

"An please your Majesty, there is the Lollards' Tower at Lambeth Palace, where heretics are oft confined," observed Rodomont. "No better prison lodgings can be found than the cells therein."

"Are the cells strong and secure?" demanded the King.

"Marry, as strong and secure as the dungeons of the Tower, sire," replied Rodomont.

"I have heard of those prison chambers in the Lollards' Tower," rejoined Philip, "but did not bethink me of them at the moment. Take Mistress Constance Tyrrell forthwith to Lambeth Palace, and see her safely bestowed—safely, I say, but with all comfort and convenience that the prison will admit of—d'ye heed? Take Derrick Carver also thither, and let him be securely lodged. The ecclesiastical court shall deal with him. No intercourse whatever must be allowed between the prisoners."

"Your injunctions shall be strictly obeyed, sire," replied Rodomont.

"I have changed my mind in regard to Osbert Clinton," pursued Philip. "In consideration of the important services he has heretofore rendered me, I am disposed to overlook the grave offence he has committed. He is pardoned."

There was a brief pause, but no word of gratitude escaped Osbert.

"Do you not hear, sir?" said Rodomont, as he gave back the sword to Osbert. "Have you no thanks for the grace vouchsafed you by his Majesty?"

"The grace is unsolicited by me, and claims no thanks," rejoined Osbert, almost fiercely.

"Leave him alone," said Philip; "his mind is disordered. When the fit has passed, and he is become calm, he will think differently. Away at once to Lambeth Palace with the prisoners."

"Constance!" exclaimed Osbert, rushing towards her.

"Farewell for ever!" she rejoined. "Do not grieve for me. Now I know you are free, I can bear any sufferings that may be inflicted upon me."

"My freedom shall be employed for your preservation," he whispered. "I will accomplish your liberation, or perish in the attempt."

"I forbid it," she returned. "Henceforward I shall strive to shake off all earthly ties, and fix my thoughts entirely upon Heaven. Farewell for ever!"

With this she disengaged herself from him, and passed forth from the room with Derrick Carver, attended by the guard, and followed by Rodomont. Two armed attendants, stationed near the window, remained with the King.

"A word before I go," said Philip, approaching Osbert, and speaking in a tone so low and deep as to be inaudible by the attendants. "On peril of your life, I charge you to hold no further intercourse of any kind with Constance. Look upon her as dead—for dead she is to you. Return to your duty, and I will think no more of what has just occurred."

So saying, he quitted the room with his attendants, leaving Osbert overwhelmed by despair.

While Philip returned in his bark to Whitehall

Palace, a barge conveyed the two prisoners to Lambeth Palace.

On arriving there, they were detained for a short time in the guard-room of the ancient gateway, and as soon as all had been made ready, they were lodged in the prison chambers assigned them in the Lollards' Tower.

End of the Second Book.

BOOK III.

LAMBETH PALACE.

I.

HOW CARDINAL POLE ARRIVED IN ENGLAND, AND HOW HE WAS WELCOMED BY THE KING AND QUEEN.

THE court returned to Whitehall in November, Parliament being about to meet in the middle of that month.

One morning, as the royal pair were walking together in the west gallery overlooking the garden, the Lord Chancellor presented himself with a despatch in his hand. It was easy to perceive, from the joyous expression of his countenance, that he brought good tidings.

"Welcome, my good lord," said Mary. "I

see you have satisfactory intelligence to communicate. Have you heard from Rome?"

"I have just received this transcript of the decree which has been sent to Cardinal Pole by the Pope," replied Gardiner, "in which his Holiness, after due deliberation, has agreed to extend the privileges of the Legate, so as to enable him to act on all occasions with the same plenitude of power as the Pope himself. In regard to church revenues and goods, his Holiness fully recognises the great difficulty of the question, feeling it to be the main obstacle to the nation's recognition of the Papal supremacy, and he therefore invests his Eminence with the most ample power to agree and compound with the present owners; to assure to them their possessions, on whatever title they may hold them; and to exempt them from any duty of restitution."

"This is glad news indeed!" exclaimed the Queen. "Parliament meets in a few days. Your first business must be to repeal the attainder of

the Cardinal, who will then be free to return to his own country, and aid us with his counsels. Hasten his arrival, I pray you, my lord, by all means in your power. I shall not feel perfectly happy till I behold him!"

"There shall not be a moment's needless delay, rely upon it, gracious madam," replied Gardiner. "The repeal of the attainder may be considered as already accomplished, since no opposition will now be made to the measure. Meantime, an escort shall be immediately despatched to Brussels to bring over his Eminence with all honour to this country."

Having nothing more to lay before their Majesties, he then bowed and withdrew.

Parliament was opened by the King and Queen in person, a sword of state and a cap of maintenance being borne before each of them as they went in state to the House of Lords. Everything proceeded as satisfactorily as had been anticipated by Gardiner. The first bill brought before the

Lords was that for reversing Pole's attainder, which, being quickly passed, was sent down to the Commons, and read thrice in one day; after which it received the royal assent, the impression of the great seal being taken off in gold.

Meantime, in confident anticipation of this event, a brilliant escort, comprising Lord Paget, Sir Edward Hastings, Sir William Cecil, and forty gentlemen of good birth, had been despatched to Brussels, to bring back the illustrious exile to his own country. As soon as intimation was received by Pole that he was free to return, he took leave of the Emperor, and set out with his escort for England.

Among the Cardinal's suite was one of whom some account may be necessary. Years ago, while studying at the celebrated university of Padua, Pole contracted a friendship with Ludovico Priuli, a young Venetian noble, distinguished for his personal accomplishments, refined manners, and love of learning. From this date the two friends

became inseparable. Possessed of an ample fortune, Priuli, from his position, might have filled the highest offices in the Venetian Republic, but he preferred sharing Pole's labours, and proved a most valuable coadjutor to him. Chosen as successor to the Bishop of Brescia by Pope Julius III., Priuli declined to exercise his functions, and even refused the purple rather than quit his friend. He had remained with Pole during his retirement at the convent of Maguzano, had attended him to Brussels and to Paris, whither the Cardinal went to negotiate terms of peace between Spain and France, and of course accompanied him to England. Besides the Lord Priuli, Pole was attended by his secretary, Floribello, an excellent scholar, together with the Signori Stella and Rollo, both men of learning and piety, though somewhat advanced in years.

Owing to the infirm state of his health, the Cardinal was unable to proceed far without resting, and after a week's slow travel he reached

Calais (then, it need scarcely be said, in possession of England, though soon afterwards lost), where he was received by the governor with a distinction rarely shown to any other than a crowned head.

Pole attended high mass at the cathedral, and the populace, clad in holiday attire, flocked thither to receive his blessing. One circumstance occurred which was regarded as a most favourable omen. For more than a week strong adverse winds had prevailed in the Channel, but a favourable change suddenly took place, promising a swift and pleasant passage to the Cardinal.

A royal vessel awaited him, in which he embarked with his train, and escorted by six men-of-war, well armed, and under the command of the Lord High Admiral, he sailed on a bright sunny day for England, and, impelled by a fresh wind, arrived in a few hours at Dover.

A royal salute was fired from the guns of the castle as the Cardinal landed, and he was received

by his nephew, Lord Montague, son of his elder brother, who had been put to death by Henry VIII. With Lord Montague were several other noblemen and gentlemen, amongst whom were the mayor and the town authorities, and besides these there was a vast miscellaneous concourse.

No sooner did the Cardinal set foot on the mole, closely followed by his other nephew, Sir Edward Hastings, and Lord Priuli, than the whole assemblage prostrated themselves before him. Spreading his arms over them, Pole gave them his solemn benediction. All eyes were fixed on the venerable and majestic figure before them—all ears were strained to catch his words. The noble cast of the Cardinal's countenance, proclaiming his royal descent—his reverend air, increased by the long grey beard that descended to his waist —the benignity and sweetness of his looks—the stateliness of his deportment,—all produced an indescribable effect on the spectators. Lofty of stature, and spare of person—the result of fre-

quent fastings—Pole, notwithstanding the ailments under which he laboured, carried himself erect, and ever maintained a most dignified deportment. To complete the picture we desire to present, it may be necessary to say that his garments were those proper to his eminent ecclesiastical rank, namely, a scarlet soutane, rochet, and short purple mantle. His silk gloves and hose were scarlet in hue, and from his broad red hat depended on either side long cords, terminating in tassels of two knots each. These garments became him well, and heightened the imposing effect of his presence.

Behind him stood his friend, Lord Priuli, who was nearly of his own age, though he looked full ten years younger, and appeared scarcely past the prime of life. The noble Venetian had a countenance which Titian would have delighted to paint, so handsome was it, so grave and full of thought. Priuli was attired in black taffetas, over

which he wore a long silk gown of the same colour, and had a black skull-cap on his head.

Signor Floribello, Pole's secretary, was a Roman, and had a massive and antique cast of countenance, which might have become one of his predecessors of the Augustan age. He had a grave, scholar-like aspect, and was attired in dark habiliments. With him were the Cardinal's other attendants, Stella and Rollo, neither of whom merit special description. The former was the Cardinal's steward, and the latter his comptroller, and each wore a gold chain around his neck.

Lord Montague was a very goodly personage, and bore such a remarkable resemblance to his ill-fated father, that Pole exclaimed, as he tenderly embraced him, "I could almost fancy that my long-lost and much-lamented brother had come to life again. I doubt not you possess your father's excellent qualities of head and heart, as well as his good looks."

"I trust I am no degenerate son, dear and venerated uncle," replied Montague. "But I would my father had lived to see this day, and to welcome you back to the land from which you have been so long and so unjustly exiled."

"Heaven's will be done!" ejaculated Pole, fervently. "I do not repine, though I have never ceased to lament the calamities and afflictions I have brought upon my family."

"Think not of them now, dear uncle," rejoined Lord Montague. "They are passed and gone. The tyrant who inflicted these injuries is in his grave. Happier days have dawned upon us. Your brother yet lives in me, to honour and serve you. Perchance your martyred mother now looks down from that heaven which her destroyer shall never enter, and joys at her son's return."

"It may be," replied the Cardinal, glancing upwards, "and ere long I hope to join her, for my sojourn in this Vale of Tears is nearly ended; but I have much to do while I tarry here. Oh!

my good nephew! what mixed emotions of joy and sorrow agitate my breast—joy at returning to the country of my birth—sorrow for the relatives and friends I have lost. Many a time and oft, during my long banishment, have I besought Heaven to allow me to return and lay my bones in my native land; and now that my prayers have been granted I tremble and am sad, for I feel like a stranger."

"You will not be a stranger long, dear uncle," returned Lord Montague. "There is not one of this throng who does not feel that Heaven has sent you to us to give us a blessing, of which we have so long been deprived."

As he spoke, the crowd, which had been pressing on them, could no longer be kept back, but completely surrounded the Cardinal; those nearest him throwing themselves at his feet, kissing his garments, trying to embrace his knees, and making every possible demonstration of reverence. Little children were held up to him; old men struggled

to approach him; and it was long before he could extricate himself from the throng, which he did with great gentleness and consideration.

Graciously declining the hospitality proffered by the mayor, the Cardinal proceeded with his suite to the Priory of Saint Martin, where he tarried for the night.

On the next day, attended by an immense cortége, and having two great silver crosses, two massive silver pillars, and two silver pole-axes borne before him, as emblems of his Legantine authority, he journeyed to Canterbury. Here he heard mass in the magnificent cathedral, of which he was so soon to become head, and rested at the palace.

On the second day he proceeded to Rochester, his escort increasing as he went on; and on the third day he reached Gravesend, where he was met by the Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and other important personages, who had been despatched by their Majesties to offer him

their congratulations on his safe arrival in England, and at the same time to present him with a copy of the act by which his attainder was reversed.

At Gravesend he again tarried for the night, and next morning entered a royal barge, richly decorated, lined with tapestry, and containing a throne covered with gold brocade. At the prow of this barge a silver cross was fixed, which attracted universal attention as he passed up the river, attended by several other gorgeous barges conveying his retinue.

As the Cardinal approached the metropolis, the river swarmed with boats filled with persons of all ranks eager to welcome him, while crowds collected on the banks to gaze at his barge with the great silver cross at the prow.

While passing the Tower, and gazing at the gloomy fortress where the terrible tragedies connected with his family had been enacted, the Cardinal became a prey to saddening thoughts. But

these were dispelled as he approached London-bridge, and heard the shouts of the spectators, who greeted him from the windows of the lofty habitations. The next objects that attracted his attention were Baynard's Castle and Saint Paul's, and he uttered aloud his thanksgivings that the ancient rites of worship were again performed in the cathedral.

Sweeping up the then clear river, past the old palace of Bridewell, Somerset House—built in the preceding reign by the Lord Protector, and which the Cardinal had never before seen—past Durham-place and York House, attended by hundreds of barques, he at length approached the palace of Whitehall, and was taken to the privy stairs.

At the head of the stairs stood Gardiner, ready to receive him, and after they had interchanged a most amicable greeting, and Pole had presented his friend Priuli, Gardiner conducted the Cardinal through two lines of attendants apparelled in the royal liveries, all of whom bowed reveren-

tially as Pole passed on to the principal entrance of the palace, where the King, with the chief personages of his court, awaited his coming.

As the Lord Legate slowly approached, supported by Gardiner, Philip advanced to meet him, and, embracing him affectionately, bade him welcome, saying how anxiously both the Queen and himself had looked for his coming. To these gracious expressions Pole replied:

"I have rejoiced at the union her Majesty has formed, sire, because I regard it as a presage of my country's future felicity. Inasmuch as a nuptial disagreement between an English monarch and a Spanish queen led to a most lamentable breach with the Holy See, so the marriage of a Spanish king and an English princess will serve to heal the breach. Most assuredly my countrymen will reap the benefit of this auspicious alliance, and so far from finding any yoke placed upon them, as they once apprehended, will recognise the difference between your Majesty and that

Prince who chastised them with so heavy a rod."

"With the aid of your Eminence in all spiritual matters, and with that of the Lord Chancellor in temporal affairs," replied Philip, "I doubt not I shall be able, through the Queen's Highness, to contribute to the welfare and prosperity of the realm. Such has been my constant endeavour since I have been here. And now suffer me to lead you to her Majesty, who is all impatience to behold you."

Hereupon they ascended the grand staircase, the King graciously giving his arm to the Lord Legate. At the head of the staircase they found the Queen, who exhibited the liveliest marks of delight on seeing the Cardinal, and gave him a most affectionate greeting.

Pole could not fail to be deeply moved by so much kindness, and with streaming eyes, and in broken accents, sought to express his gratitude.

He soon, however, regained his customary serenity, and attended the Queen to the privy-chamber, whither they were followed by the King and the Lord Chancellor. He then delivered his credentials to her Majesty, and they had a long discourse together, in which both the King and the Lord Chancellor took part.

Before withdrawing, Pole besought permission to present his friend Lord Priuli, and Mary kindly assenting, the noble and learned Venetian was introduced to their Majesties, and very graciously received by both. After this the Cardinal took leave, and, attended by Gardiner, re-entered his barge, and was conveyed in it to Lambeth Palace, which had been prepared for his residence.

On the same day a grand banquet was given at Whitehall in honour of the Lord Legate, at which all the nobles vied with each other in paying him attention. Indeed, since Wolsey's palmiest days no such distinction had been shown to an eccle-

siastic. Priuli, also, came in for some share of the tribute of respect paid to his illustrious friend.

On the following day, in order to celebrate Pole's arrival publicly, a grand tournament was held in the court of the palace, where galleries were erected, adorned with rich hangings, having two canopies of crimson cloth of silver, embroidered with the royal arms, prepared for their Majesties—a chair for the Cardinal being set near that of the Queen. Precisely at two o'clock her Majesty issued from the palace in company with the Cardinal, and attended by her ladies, and took her place beneath the canopy, Pole seating himself beside her. The galleries on either side presented a magnificent sight, being thronged with all the beauty and chivalry of the court—high-born dames and noble gallants, all richly apparelled.

The lists were under the governance of the Lord Chamberlain, Sir John Gage, who was clad in russet armour, and mounted on a powerful and

richly-caparisoned steed; and as soon as the Queen and the Cardinal had taken their places, loud fanfares were blown by a bevy of trumpeters stationed on the opposite side of the court.

At this summons two champions immediately rode into the ring, attracting great attention. One of them was the King. He was clad in a suit of richly chased armour inlaid with gold, and his helm was adorned with a panache of red ostrich plumes. His courser was trapped with purple satin, broached with gold. As he rode round the tilt-yard and saluted the Queen, a buzz of applause followed his course.

His opponent was Osbert Clinton, whom his Majesty had challenged to a trial of skill. Osbert wore a suit of black armour, with a white plume, and was mounted on a powerful charger, with bases and bards of black cloth of gold of damask.

As soon as the champions had taken their places, the signal was given by Sir John Gage, and dash-

ing vigorously against each other, they met in mid-career, both their lances being shivered by the shock. As no advantage had been gained on either side, fresh lances were brought, and they immediately ran another course. In this encounter, Osbert had the best of it, for he succeeded in striking off the King's helmet, and was consequently proclaimed the victor, and received a costly owche as a prize from the hands of the Queen.

Other courses were then run, and spears broken, all the combatants demeaning themselves valiantly and like men of prowess. Amongst the Spaniards, those who most distinguished themselves were Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, Don Frederic de Toledo, and Don Adrian Garcias; whilst amongst the Englishmen the best knights were accounted the Lord Admiral and Sir John Perrot. The King was more fortunate in other courses than in those he had run with Osbert Clinton, and received a

diamond ring from her Majesty, amid the loud plaudits of the spectators.

After this, Sir John Gage called upon them to disarm, the trumpets sounded, and graciously bowing to the assemblage, the Queen withdrew with the Cardinal.

II.

OF THE RECONCILIATION OF THE REALM WITH THE SEE OF ROME.

A FEW days afterwards, in consequence of the Queen's indisposition, which, however, was not supposed to be of a nature to inspire uneasiness, both Houses of Parliament were summoned to the palace of Whitehall, and assembled in the presence-chamber. Mary, who was so weak at the time that she had to be carried to her throne, was placed on a haut-pas, beneath a rich canopy embroidered with the royal arms in gold.

On her left hand was seated the King, attired

in black velvet, over which he wore a robe of black cloth of gold, bordered with pearls and diamonds. The collar of the Garter was round his neck, and the lesser badge, studded with gems, beneath his knee.

On the Queen's right, and on the haut-pas, but not beneath the canopy, sat Cardinal Pole. His robes were of the richest scarlet, and he wore a mantle of fine sables about his neck. He was attended by four gentlemen ushers, all richly clad, and having heavy chains of gold round their necks. Two of these carried the large silver crosses, and the other two bore the silver pillars. Behind the Queen stood Sir John Gage in his robes of office as Grand Chamberlain, and holding a white wand, and with him were the Vice-Chamberlain and other officers of the royal household. All the Queen's ladies were likewise grouped around the throne.

Near to the Lord Legate stood Gardiner, and as soon as all were in their places, and the doors

had been closed by the ushers, he addressed both Houses, informing them that the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Cardinal Pole, legate *a latere*, who was now present before them, had come as ambassador from Pope Julius III. to the King and Queen's Majesties on a matter of the utmost importance, not only to their Highnesses, but to the whole realm. As representatives of the nation, they were called there to listen to the declaration about to be made to them by the Lord Legate.

When Gardiner concluded his address and retired, every eye was fixed upon the Cardinal, and a hush of expectation fell upon the assemblage. After a moment's pause, Pole arose, and, with a dignified bow to their Majesties, commenced his address, in tones that vibrated through every breast.

"Long excluded from this assembly," he said, "and exiled from my native country by laws upon the severity and injustice of which I will

not dwell, I have most heartily to thank you, my lords of the Upper House, and you, good sirs, of the Nether House, for reversing the sentence pronounced upon me, and enabling me to appear before you once more. I rejoice that I am able to requite the great service you have rendered me. You have restored me to my country and to my place amongst the highest nobility upon earth. I can restore you to a heavenly kingdom, and to a Christian greatness, which you have unhappily forfeited by renouncing a fealty annexed to the true Church. Bethink you of the many evils that have occurred to this land since its lamentable defection. Estimate aright the great boon now offered you. Until the late most unhappy schism, the English nation ever stood foremost in the regard of the See of Rome, abundant proofs of which I can offer you. While reminding you of your past errors, let me exhort you to a sincere repentance, and to receive with a deep and holy joy the reconciliation with

the Church of Rome, which I, as Legate, am empowered to impart to you. To reap this great blessing it only needs that you should repeal whatever you have enacted against the Holy See, and those laws by which you have severed yourselves from the body of the faithful."

Delivered in tones of mellifluous sweetness and persuasion, this discourse was listened to with profound attention, and produced an unmistakable effect upon the auditors. As the Cardinal resumed his seat, Gardiner advanced towards him.

"I thank your Eminence," he said, "in the name of their Majesties and the Parliament, for the good offices you have rendered the nation. The members of both Houses will at once deliberate upon what you have proposed, and will speedily acquaint you with their determination, which, I nothing doubt, will be favourable to the cause of our holy religion."

Upon this, the Lord Legate arose and retired

with his attendants into an adjoining chamber, there to await the decision of the Parliament.

As soon as he was gone, Gardiner again addressed the assemblage in these terms: "Heaven hath spoken to you by the lips of the holy man to whom you have just listened. I can confirm the truth of all he has uttered. I acknowledge myself to be a great delinquent, but I have deeply and sincerely repented of my errors, and I beseech you to do so likewise. Rise from your fallen estate, and dispose yourselves to a complete reconciliation with the Catholic Church, and a return to its communion. Are ye all agreed to this?"

"We are all agreed," replied the whole assemblage, without a moment's hesitation.

"I rejoice to hear it," replied Gardiner. "If you have erred, you at least make amends for your error."

The promptitude and unanimity of this decision gave great satisfaction to their Majesties, and the

King, calling Gardiner to him, held a brief conference with him, after which Sir John Gage, with the Earl of Arundel, six knights of the Garter, and the like number of bishops, were sent to summon the Lord Legate. As Pole again entered the presence-chamber, the whole of the assemblage arose. The Cardinal having resumed his seat, Gardiner called out, in a loud voice,

"I again ask you, in the presence of the Lord Legate, whether you sincerely desire to return to the unity of the Church, and the obedience due to her chief pastor?"

"We do!—we do!" cried the entire assemblage.

A radiant smile passed over Pole's benign countenance at these exclamations, and he raised up his hands in thankfulness to Heaven.

"This moment repays me for all I have suffered," he murmured.

Then Gardiner advanced towards the King and

Queen, and, making a profound obeisance to them, said:

"On behalf of the members of both Houses of Parliament, representatives of the whole realm, I have to express to your Majesties their sorrow for the former schism, and for whatever they have enacted against the See of Rome and the Catholic religion, all which they now annul, and would humbly beseech you to obtain from the Lord Legate pardon and restoration to that body from which they had separated themselves by their misdeeds."

"We pray your Eminence to grant the pardon and reconciliation thus humbly sued for?" said Philip, turning towards the Cardinal.

"Right joyfully will I accede to your Majesty's request," replied Pole.

The Cardinal's assent having been communicated to the assemblage by Gardiner, they all advanced towards Pole, who arose as they approached, and said:

"Thanks are due to Divine goodness for granting you this opportunity of cancelling your past offences. If your repentance be answerable to the importance of the occasion and the heinousness of the fault, great, indeed, must be the joy of the saints at your conversion."

It being now evident that the Cardinal was about to pronounce the absolution, the whole assemblage, with the exception of the King and Queen, fell upon their knees. Extending his arms over them, Pole, in a clear and distinct voice, said:

"As representative of Christ's Vicegerent, I here absolve all those present, and the whole nation, and the whole dominion thereof, from all heresy and schism, and all judgments, censures, for that cause incurred, and restore them to the communion of the Holy Church, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

To this the whole assemblage responded "Amen!"

Nothing could be more solemn or impressive than the Cardinal's manner while pronouncing this absolution, and his words penetrated all hearts. The Queen and most of her ladies shed tears. As the assembly rose from their kneeling posture, they embraced each other, and gave utterance to their satisfaction.

The King and Queen, with their attendants, then proceeded to the royal chapel to return thanks, and were followed by the Cardinal, Gardiner, and the entire assemblage. A solemn mass was then performed, and *Te Deum* sung.

III.

OF THE EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED THE RESTORATION OF THE PAPAL AUTHORITY.

No sooner was the nation's reconciliation with the See of Rome completed, than an express was sent by Cardinal Pole to Pope Julius III., acquainting his Holiness with the joyful event. On receipt of the intelligence, public rejoicings on the grandest scale were held at Rome, religious processions paraded the streets, masses were performed in all the churches, and a solemn service was celebrated at St. Peter's by the Pontiff in person. The event, indeed, was a signal triumph to the Pope, and in reply to Cardinal Pole he thanked

him heartily for the great service he had rendered the Church, and warmly commended his zeal and diligence. Moreover, he issued a bull granting indulgences to all such persons as should openly manifest their satisfaction at the restoration of the Papal authority in England.

Public rejoicings also took place in London, and in other towns, but they were productive of mischief rather than good, as they led to many serious brawls and disturbances. Though compelled to submit to their opponents, who were now in the ascendant, the Reformers were far from subdued, but were quite ready for outbreak, should a favourable opportunity occur for attempting it. The triumphant demonstrations of the Romanists were abhorrent to them, and constant collisions, as we have said, took place between the more violent adherents of the opposing creeds. In these encounters, the Protestants, being the less numerous, got the worst of it, but they promised themselves revenge on a future day.

On the Sunday after the reconciliation a sermon was preached by Gardiner at Paul's Cross, before the King and Cardinal Pole. A large crowd collected to hear him. On this occasion, in spite of the presence of a strong guard, some interruptions occurred, proving that there were dissentients among the auditors. Evidently there was a growing feeling of dislike to Philip and the Spaniards, fostered by the malcontents, and many a fierce glance was fixed upon the King, many a threat breathed against him, as, surrounded by a band of halberdiers, he listened to Gardiner's discourse.

But if Philip was hated even by the Romanists, who after all were as true lovers of their country as those of the adverse sect, and equally hostile to the Spaniards, the universal feeling was favourable to Cardinal Pole, whose benevolent countenance pleased the Reformers, as much as his dignified deportment commanded their respect. He and the King rode together to Saint Paul's, and after hearing the sermon, returned in the same way to

Whitehall. Philip had the sword of state borne before him, but the Cardinal contented himself with the silver cross.

A few days afterwards, intimation was sent by the council to Bonner, Bishop of London, that the Queen was in a condition to become a mother. Command was given at the same time that there should be a solemn procession to Saint Paul's, in which the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, and all the City companies, in their liveries, should join, to offer up prayers for her Majesty's preservation during her time of travail, coupled with earnest supplications that the child might be a male.

This announcement, which, as may be supposed, was quickly bruited abroad throughout the City, gave great satisfaction to the Romanists, but it was anything but welcome or agreeable to the Reformers, who saw in it an extension of power to their enemies, and an increase of danger to themselves. If an heir to the throne should be born, Philip's authority in England would be

absolute. Such was the general impression, and its correctness was confirmed by a petition made to the King by both Houses, which prayed "that if it should happen otherwise than well to the Queen, he would take upon himself the government of the realm during the minority of her Majesty's issue." As may be supposed, Philip readily assented, and an act was immediately passed carrying out the provisions above mentioned, and making it high treason to compass the King's death, or attempt to remove him from the government and guardianship confided to him.

Under these circumstances the solemn procession to Saint Paul's took place. Vast crowds encumbered the streets as the civic authorities proceeded from Guildhall to the cathedral, headed by ten bishops in their robes, the pix being borne before them under a canopy. This gave such offence, that had not a strong military force kept the populace in awe, it is certain that the procession would

have been molested. As it was, expressions of antipathy to Philip could not be checked. "England shall never be ruled by the Spaniard," was the indignant outcry, which found an echo in many a breast, whether of Romanist or Reformer.

In spite of all these clamours, the procession reached Saint Paul's in safety, and high mass was celebrated by Bonner and the other bishops, after which prayers were offered up for the Queen, in accordance with the council's mandate. The mass of the assemblage joined heartily in these supplications, but there were some who refused to recite them, and secretly prayed that Philip's hopes of an heir might be frustrated.

The reader is already aware that Cardinal Pole, immediately on his arrival in London, had been put in possession of Lambeth Palace. This noble residence, with the revenues of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, confiscated on the condemnation of Cranmer for high treason, was bestowed on the Cardinal by the King and Queen; but Pole could

not be promoted to the archiepiscopal see while Cranmer lived.

One of the Cardinal's first acts on taking possession of the palace was to summon all the bishops and principal clergy before him, and, after listening to their expressions of penitence for the perjuries, heresies, and schisms they had committed during the late reigns, he gave them absolution.

And now, before proceeding further, it may be desirable to give a brief description of the ancient edifice occupied by the Cardinal.

The present vast and irregular pile, known as Lambeth Palace, was preceded by a much smaller mansion, wherein the archbishops of Canterbury were lodged, and to which a chapel was attached. This building was pulled down in 1262 by the turbulent Archbishop Boniface, and a new and more important structure erected in its place. Of Boniface's palace little now remains save the chapel and crypt. So many additions were made to the palace by successive archbishops, and so much

was it altered, that it may almost be said to have become another structure. A noble hall, subsequently destroyed in the time of the Commonwealth, was built by Archbishop Chichely, who flourished in the reign of Edward IV.; while the chief ornament of the existing pile, the gateway, was reared by Cardinal Archbishop Morton, towards the end of the fifteenth century. The Steward's Parlour, a chamber of large dimensions, was added by Cranmer, and a long gallery and other buildings were erected by Cardinal Pole.

Before entering the palace let us pause to examine the gateway, a structure of almost unrivalled beauty, and consisting of two large square towers, built of fine brick, embattled, and edged with stone. The archway is pointed, and has a groined roof springing from four pillars, one in each corner. Spiral stone staircases lead to the upper chambers, and from the leads of the roof a wonderful prospect of the surrounding metropolis is obtained. Connected with the porter's lodge is

a small prison-chamber, having a double door, and high, narrow-grated windows. The walls are cased with stone, and of prodigious thickness, while three heavy iron rings fixed in them attest the purpose to which the room was formerly applied.

Passing through the principal court, we enter the great hall, rebuilt by Archbishop Juxon on the exact model of the old hall, demolished during the Protectorate, so that it may be considered a counterpart of Archbishop Chichely's banqueting-chamber. Nearly a hundred feet in length, proportionately wide and lofty, this noble room has a superb pendant timber roof, enriched with elaborate carvings, and lighted by a louvre. In the great bay-window, amidst the relics of stained glass, recovered from the original hall, may be discerned the arms of Philip of Spain, painted by order of Cardinal Pole. At the present day the hall is used as the palace library, and its space is somewhat encroached upon by projecting book-

cases, filled with works of divinity. At the upper end is the archbishop's seat.

From the great hall we may proceed to the gallery and guard-chamber, the latter of which was once used as the armoury of the palace. It has an ancient timber roof, with pendants, pointed arches, and pierced spandrels. Here are portraits of many of the Archbishops of Canterbury, among which may be seen that of Cardinal Pole, copied from the original by Raffaelle, preserved in the Barberini Palace at Rome.

Pass we by the presence-chamber and other state-rooms, and let us enter the long gallery erected by Cardinal Pole—a noble room, lighted by windows enriched with stained glass.

Hence we will proceed to the chapel erected by Boniface. Lighted by three lancet-shaped windows on either side, and divided by an elaborately carved screen, on the inner side of which is the archiepiscopal stall, this chapel retains but

little of its pristine character, and is disfigured by a flat-panelled ceiling, added by Archbishop Laud.

Beneath the chapel, and corresponding with it in size, is an ancient crypt, with a groined roof, once used as a place of worship. In this part of the palace is a large room built by Cranmer, and now called the Steward's Parlour, and close to it are the servants' hall and the great kitchen.

We now come to a part of the palace to which interest of a peculiar nature attaches. This is the Lollards' Tower, a large stone structure, erected by Archbishop Chichely, which derives its name from being used as a place of imprisonment for the followers of Wickliffe, called Lollards. This time-worn tower faces the river, and on its front is a small niche or tabernacle, formerly occupied by an image of Saint Thomas à Becket.

In the lower part of the Lollards' Tower is a gloomy chamber of singular construction, the heavy

timber roof being supported by a strong wooden pillar standing in the centre of the chamber, whence the place is called the Post Room. Tradition asserts that the unfortunate Lollards, confined in the chamber above, were tied to this pillar and scourged. The Post Room is lighted by three low pointed windows looking towards the Thames, and its flat-panelled ceiling is ornamented at the intersections with grotesque carvings.

Ascending by a narrow spiral stone staircase, we reach the prison-chamber just referred to, which is guarded by an inner and outer door of stout oak, studded with broad-headed nails. A strange, strong room, that cannot fail powerfully to impress the visitor. Wainscot, ceiling, floor, every part of the chamber is boarded with dark oak of great thickness. Fixed to the wainscot, breast-high from the ground, are eight massive iron rings. The boards adjoining them are covered with inscriptions—mementoes of the many unfor-

tunates confined there. The prison-chamber is lighted by two small grated windows, narrowing outwardly, one of which looks upon the river.

Attached to the palace are a park and gardens of considerable extent, and in the olden time of great beauty. Within the gardens, up to the commencement of the present century, grew two singularly fine fig-trees, planted by Cardinal Pole, and trained against that part of the palace which he erected.

Lambeth Palace came into Pole's hands in a very habitable condition, having been well kept up by his predecessor, Cranmer. So well pleased was the Cardinal with the mansion, that he not only embellished it in many ways, but enlarged it, as we have previously mentioned. He also took great delight in the gardens, and laid them out in the Italian style.

Unostentatious of character, and simple in his tastes and habits, Pole felt it due to his elevated position to maintain princely state in the residence

assigned to him by their Majesties, and employ his large revenues in hospitality and charity. When complete, which it was within a month after his occupation of the palace, Pole's household was as numerous and magnificent as Wolsey's, and comprised a high-chamberlain and vice-chamberlain, twelve gentlemen ushers, steward, treasurer, comptroller, cofferer, three marshals, two grooms, and an almoner. In his chapel he had a dean, a sub-dean, twelve singing priests, and the like number of quiristers. Besides these, there were his cross-bearers, his pillar-bearers, and two yeomen to bear his poleaxes. The inferior officers were almost too numerous to particularise, comprehending purveyors, cooks, sewers, cup-bearers, yeomen of the larder, of the buttery, of the ewery, the cellar, the laundry, the bakehouse, the wardrobe, the chandry, the wood-yard, and the garden. Of gardeners, indeed, there were several. Besides these, there were a multitude of pages and grooms, a sumpter-man, a muleteer, and sixteen grooms

of the stable, each of whom had four horses. Then there were tall porters at the gate, yeomen of the chariot, and yeomen of the barge. Nor were these all. In addition to those previously enumerated, there were a physician, two chaplains, and two secretaries.

Such was the magnificent establishment maintained by Pole during his residence at Lambeth Palace. His hospitality may be judged of by the fact that three long tables were daily laid in the great hall, abundantly supplied with viands, and ever thronged with guests. At the upper table sat the Cardinal, generally surrounded by nobles or ecclesiastical dignitaries. A place at this table, not far from his illustrious friend, was always reserved for Lord Priuli.

Apartments in the palace were, of course, assigned to Priuli, who had likewise his own attendants. The entire control of the vast establishment devolved upon the noble Venetian, who un-

dertook the office in order to relieve the Cardinal of a portion of his labours.

Amidst all this profusion the poor were not forgotten. Dole was daily distributed at the palace gate, under the personal superintendence of Pole and Priuli. The wants of the necessitous were relieved, and medicines were delivered to the sick. None who deserved assistance were ever sent empty-handed away by the Cardinal.

Amongst the Cardinal's officers were our old acquaintances Rodomont Bittern, Nick Simnel, and Jack Holiday, the first of whom had been recommended to Pole by the King himself. Rodomont was appointed captain of the palace guard, and his two friends were made lieutenants. On state occasions they formed part of the Cardinal's body-guard.

One fine morning, at an early hour, these three personages had scaled the lofty gate-tower, in order to enjoy the goodly prospect it commanded. Be-

fore them flowed the Thames, then a clear and unpolluted stream, its smooth surface speckled, even at that early hour, by many barks. A ferry-boat, laden with passengers and horses, was crossing at the time from Lambeth to Westminster. On the opposite side stood the ancient Abbey, with the Parliament House, the Star Chamber, the beautiful gates of Whitehall, designed by Holbein, the royal gardens, and the palace. Farther on could be observed the exquisite cross at Charing, subsequently destroyed by fanatical fury. Then following the course of the river, the eye lighted upon York-place, Durham-place, the Savoy, and the splendid mansion then but recently completed by the aspiring Duke of Somerset. Farther on was the ancient palace of Bridewell, and beyond Baynard's Castle, while above the clustering habitations of the City rose the massive tower and lofty spire of old Saint Paul's.

London at the period of which we treat was singularly picturesque and beautiful. The walls

encircling it were well fortified and in good repair, and most of its oldest and most remarkable edifices were still standing, no terrible conflagration having as yet touched them. Numberless towers, churches, and picturesque habitations, with high roofs and quaint gables, excited the admiration of those who stood that morn on the gateway of Lambeth Palace; but perhaps the object that pleased them best was London-bridge, which, with its gates, its drawbridges, its church, and lofty habitations, proudly bestrode the Thames. Having gazed their fill at this wondrous structure, or rather collection of structures, they turned towards the Surrey side of the river, and noted Saint Mary Overy's fine old church, the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, the Ring, at that time much frequented, in which bulls and bears were baited, and the adjacent theatre, wherein, at a later date, many of the plays of our immortal bard were represented. Content with this distant survey, they then looked nearer home, and allowed

their gaze to wander over the park and gardens of the palace, and finally to settle upon the various courts, towers, and buildings composing the pile.

"By my faith, 'tis a stately edifice, this Palace of Lambeth!" exclaimed Rodomont. "Our lord and master the Cardinal is as well lodged as the King and Queen at Whitehall."

"Were it not for yonder ague-bringing marshes, the palace would be a marvellous pleasant residence," observed Nick Simnel.

"Why should a sturdy fellow like you, Nick, fear ague?" cried Rodomont. "Lord Priuli tells me that his Eminence enjoys better health here than he has done since he left the Lago di Garda —a plain proof that the place cannot be insalubrious, as you would have it."

"Follow my example, Nick, and fortify yourself against the morning mists with a thimbleful of aqua-vitæ," remarked Jack Holiday, with a laugh. "'Tis a sovereign remedy against ague.

But see! yonder are the Cardinal and the Lord Priuli, taking an early walk in the garden. They seem engaged in earnest discourse."

"I warrant their discourse relates to the recusant Protestant divines, who have just been excommunicated by the ecclesiastical commissioners, and are to be burnt," observed Rodomont. "There will be rare doings at Smithfield ere long, if Gardiner and Bonner have their way. But our good lord the Cardinal is averse to persecution, and may succeed in checking it."

"Heaven grant he may!" exclaimed Jack Holiday. "If once the fires are lighted at Smithfield, there's no saying when they may be extinguished, or who may perish by them. 'Tis a marvel to me that the late occupant of this palace, Cranmer, has so long been spared. If the ecclesiastical commissioners desire to deal a heavy blow against the Reformers, why not strike their leader now they have him in their power?"

"I will tell you why," rejoined Rodomont.

"In this high place none can overhear us, so we may talk freely. Gardiner would fain be Archbishop of Canterbury, but he knows that if Cranmer be burnt, our lord the Cardinal will at once be appointed to the archiepiscopal see. Therefore Cranmer is allowed to live, in the hope that Pole may be recalled to Rome by his Holiness. But the crafty Bishop of Winchester will be disappointed, for the Cardinal is not likely to leave his native country again."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," said Simnel. "We could ill spare him. The Cardinal is the pillar of the Romish Church in England."

"By our Lady, he is a pattern to all," cried Rodomont. "There lives not a better man than his Eminence. Even the Queen, they say, is governed by his advice. He has more influence with her than the King himself."

"Like enough," observed Jack Holiday, "for they do say that the royal couple, like other mar-

ried folk, have an occasional quarrel. Her Majesty is plaguily jealous."

"And not without reason," said Rodomont, with a laugh. "It was not to be expected that the King, who is of an amorous complexion, as all the world knows, should continue faithful to a woman eleven years older than himself, and ill-favoured into the bargain. He wants something younger and better looking."

"Like poor Constance Tyrrell," said Nick Simnel; "she who is shut up yonder," he added, pointing to the Lollards' Tower.

"Ay, and she will never get out, unless she yields to the King's wishes," observed Jack Holiday.

"Don't be too sure of that," rejoined Rodomont. "It will be her own fault if she remains here another twenty-four hours."

"How so?—who will unlock the door for her?—not her gaoler?" said Holiday.

"Not her gaoler, fool," rejoined Rodomont, "but her lover, Osbert Clinton. Since he can't unlock the door, he will unbar the window. You are both too generous to betray him, I know, and therefore I'll e'en tell you what occurred last night. While making my rounds, a little after midnight, I entered the outer court, and was standing near the Water Tower, when, looking up, I espied a head above yon ivied wall, which divides the court from the river. In another moment a body became visible as well as a head, and before I could count twenty a man dropped from the top of the wall into the court. It was Osbert Clinton. I recognised him even in that imperfect light, or I should have challenged him. Guessing his purpose, I retired, placing myself so that I could watch his movements without being perceived. As I expected, his errand was to the Lollards' Tower, though how he hoped to gain admittance to Constance's cell passed my comprehension."

"And did he gain admittance to her?" inquired Holiday.

"You shall hear," replied Rodomont. "Yon small grated window in the upper part of the tower belongs to her cell. How, think you, he contrived to reach it?"

"Nay, I can't say," replied Holiday. "He could scarcely climb up to it."

"Climb up a tower! No, I should think not. But for the ivy, he would never have got over yonder wall. He reached the window by means of a rope-ladder which he had brought with him. How the plan had been preconcerted, is more than I can tell you, but it was evident Constance expected him. A slight cough served to announce her lover's presence to her. At the signal, a cord was immediately let down from the window of the cell, and as soon as it came within Osbert's reach, he caught it, and fastening the rope ladder to it, the cord was quickly drawn up again, taking

the ladder with it. In another minute the ladder was made fast to the bars of the window, and this done, up sprang Osbert, and was soon only separated from the object of his affections by the grating."

"A pize upon the grating!" exclaimed Holiday. "I would there had been no envious bars between them."

"That was exactly my feeling," said Rodomont. "Their discourse was in whispers, but I heard enough to learn that Osbert proposed some means of escape to her, but judged from his expressions of disappointment that she would not consent to the plan. Fear of discovery compelled him to cut short the interview, however he might have desired to prolong it, but before descending he promised to come again to-night. The ladder being unfastened, he was quickly over the wall, and in another moment must have regained the boat, which I conclude was waiting for him. Now, what say

you, my masters? Shall we not aid him in his efforts to get this poor girl away?"

"I will gladly do so," replied Holiday.

"So will I," said Simnel.

"Then we will forthwith set our wits to work, and something must come of it," rejoined Rodomont. "If she remains here, she is lost. But see! the poor folk are beginning to crowd round the gate in expectation of their dole. How many, think you, are daily fed by the Cardinal?"

"Fifty, or sixty, it may be," replied Simnel.

"Upwards of a hundred," said Rodomont. "Yonder comes his Eminence, with Lord Priuli. Let us go down. This keen morning has given me a rare appetite, and I propose that we hie to the great hall, and break our fast with a cold chine and a flagon of humming ale."

"Agreed," replied the others.

Whereupon they descended to the court, and bowing reverentially to the Cardinal and Lord

Priuli as they passed them, proceeded to the banqueting-chamber, where preparations were already made for a substantial repast. Sitting down at a side-table, they fell to work with right good will.

IV.

OF THE UNCEREMONIOUS VISIT PAID BY THEIR MAJESTIES] TO CARDINAL POLE AT LAMBETH PALACE.

On the same day, at a later hour, in a large room of the palace, panelled with dark oak, and lighted by a deep bay-window filled with stained glass, beside a table covered with books and papers, sat Cardinal Pole and Lord Priuli. They were engaged in conversation. Pole wore his scarlet soutane and lawn rochet, and had a red silk calotte on his head. Priuli was in black velvet, which set off his noble figure to great advantage.

"An embassy is about to be despatched in a

few days to Rome," observed Pole. "It will consist of my nephew, Lord Montague, the Bishop of Ely, and Sir Edward Carne. If you have any desire to return to your beloved Italy, you can do so in their company. Do not let any consideration for me weigh with you, I entreat. I am not without misgiving that this chill climate, and, above all, the exhalations from the marshes near the palace, may be prejudicial to your health. I need not say how greatly I shall miss you, but I shall be reconciled to the deprivation by feeling that you are better off than with me."

"If I can serve you by accompanying this embassy to Rome, I will readily do so, dear friend," rejoined Priuli; "but I have no desire to return to Italy. It would be idle to say that I do not prefer sunshine and an exhilarating atmosphere to a cold and brumous climate like that of England. Undoubtedly, I would rather dwell in Rome than in London, but, deprived of your society, Italy, with its blue sky and noble monuments, would be

a blank to me. I am happier here than I should be at the Vatican without you. Say no more, therefore, to me on that head, I beseech you. But you yourself may be compelled to return to Rome. Not improbably you may be elected to the Pontifical throne!"

"Should it be so, I should decline the dignity," replied the Cardinal. "You, my good friend, who know my sentiments perfectly, are aware that I have little ambition, and that all my exertions have been directed to the welfare of our holy Church. This cause I can best serve by remaining here, and I trust Heaven may spare me for the complete fulfilment of my task. I do not delude myself with any false hopes. I shall never behold Rome again, and it is from this conviction that I would not hinder your return."

"I will remain with you to the last," rejoined Priuli. "My life is linked with yours. Nothing but death can divide us."

At this juncture, an usher announced the Lord

Chancellor, and the next moment Gardiner entered the room. Both the Cardinal and Priuli rose to receive him. After courteous but grave salutations had passed between them, Gardiner remarked, "Your Eminence desires to speak to me about those recusants who were yesterday excommunicated by the ecclesiastical tribunal, and delivered to the secular power. I may as well state at once that nothing can be advanced in arrest of the judgment certain to be passed upon them. They obstinately persisted in their heresy, and firmly refused to subscribe to the doctrines of the Church."

"I grieve to hear it," replied Pole. "Yet I trust they will not be severely dealt with."

"They will be dealt with as they deserve—they will be burnt at the stake," rejoined Gardiner.

"But not without time allowed them for reflection, I trust, my lord," said the Cardinal. "Undue severity will injure our cause rather than

serve it. These men will be accounted martyrs, and held up as an example to others. Policy, therefore, would dictate milder measures."

"Mild measures have been tried, and have proved ineffectual," rejoined Gardiner. "We must now make a terrible example of these obstinate and dangerous heretics."

Again the usher entered, and this time to inform the Cardinal that their Majesties had arrived at the palace, and were already in the court-yard. Hereupon Pole instantly arose, and, followed by Priuli, repaired to the ante-chamber. Scarcely had he entered it, than the royal pair, preceded by Sir John Gage, and attended by several officers of the court, appeared at the outer door. The Cardinal immediately hurried forward to bid them welcome, and thank them for the distinguished honour conferred upon him by the visit.

"Had I been aware of your coming, gracious madam," he said to the Queen, "I would have been at the gate to receive you."

"It is not a visit of ceremony," replied Mary, "therefore we did not deem it necessary to send intimation of our design. If your Eminence is at leisure, the King and myself will gladly pass an hour in your society, and profit by your counsels."

"I am entirely at your Majesty's disposal," replied the Cardinal, bowing. "I pray you enter. And you, too, sire," he added, conducting them to the inner room.

Mary looked ill and languid, and moved slowly and with difficulty, requiring the King's support. But her illness, being attributed to her condition, occasioned no alarm.

On reaching the inner room, the Queen seated herself on a high, carved oak chair proffered her by the Cardinal, while Philip occupied a fauteuil on her left. As their Majesties would not allow the Cardinal to remain standing, he took a seat on the other side of the Queen. At a little distance from the royal pair stood Gardiner, Priuli,

and Sir John Gage. All the other attendants withdrew.

"I did not expect to find you here, my lord," the Queen observed to Gardiner, after bowing to him and Priuli.

"I was sent for, gracious madam," replied the Lord Chancellor. "The Cardinal desired to confer with me on an important matter connected with the maintenance of the Established Church, in which his Eminence and myself differ in opinion. In most matters I should readily defer to his Eminence's better judgment. But I cannot do so in this instance. I am glad your Majesty has come, as I feel certain you will support my views."

"Whence arises this difference of opinion?" demanded Mary. "I should have thought your lordship and the Cardinal must infallibly agree on all points touching the welfare of the Church."

"The question between us, gracious madam,' said Pole, "is whether, on the score of humanity

and policy, it would not be better to deal leniently rather than severely with those who profess heretical opinions. I allude particularly to the ministers of the Reformed Church who have just been excommunicated and degraded, and delivered over to the secular power, and who, unless mercy be shown them, will suffer a dreadful death."

Mary's brow darkened.

"Surely your Eminence would not pardon them if they persist in their heresies?" she cried.

"I would not put them to death," rejoined Pole, "but would endeavour to convince them of their errors by argument and instruction. Failing in this, I would resort to such measures as might be deemed best adapted to meet the exigencies of the case—but those measures should be tempered with mercy."

"I did not expect such opinions as these from your Eminence," observed Mary. "The enemies of our faith must be destroyed, or they will destroy us. A single diseased sheep will taint the

whole flock. If you have an unsound limb, the surgeon will tell you that for the safety of the body it must be cut off. The preservation, therefore, of the Catholic Church requires that these tares amidst the corn be rooted up and cast into the fire."

"These false brethren are seditious as well as heretical," said Philip, sternly; "rebels against the Queen, and enemies to the Church. No mercy ought to be shown them."

"Your Eminence perceives that their Majesties are of my opinion," said Gardiner to the Cardinal. "But has not our Church deep wrongs to avenge? Have we not suffered stripes and persecution from these heretics when they were in power? Have not I myself been deprived of my revenues, and imprisoned within the Tower, with the sentence of death hanging over my head, for years, until happily released by her Majesty?"

"At least, your life was spared," observed Pole.

"It was spared more from fear than favour,"

retorted Gardiner. "But had King Edward lived another year, nay, a few months longer, I should not have been here now to protest against leniency towards such bitter enemies. One of the latest acts of Cranmer was to frame a sanguinary code against the professors of the ancient faith, which, had it been put in force, would have been fraught with fearful consequences; but ere that code became law, King Edward died, and the weapon sharpened for our destruction fell from the maker's hands."

"To strike off his own head," cried Philip, fiercely. "Your Eminence would scarcely extend your clemency to this arch-offender?" he added to the Cardinal.

"I would pardon him, if he recanted," replied Pole.

"What, pardon Cranmer, the apostate and heretic!" exclaimed Gardiner. "Pardon him who betrayed and enslaved the Church of which he ought to have been the protector! — who mani-

fested the most abject compliance with the will of his royal master, flattering his passions, and humouring his caprices! Pardon him who shamefully promoted and pronounced the divorce between the King and her Majesty's royal mother, casting thereby a blemish on their daughter! Would you pardon him whose life has been one dissimulation, and who professed and practised what in his secret heart he disbelieved and abhorred? Would you pardon a Reformer, who subscribed the terrible Six Articles, though they were directed chiefly against his own sect, and who would have subscribed any other articles enjoined by his royal master—who on King Edward's accession declared himself in favour of the principles of Zuinglius and Calvin—who abolished the ancient worship — attacked every article of our Church — denied its traditions — stigmatised its rites—brought over foreign sectaries, however anti-Christian their tenets, as Martin Bucer, Paul Fagius, Peter Martyr, Ochinus, and others, procured

them churches, and recommended them to royal favour—and who filled up the measure of his guilt by supporting the treasonable projects of Northumberland, helping him to place a usurper on the throne, and preaching against the rightful claims of our sovereign mistress? Would you spare this hypocrite, this apostate, this heretic, this double-dyed traitor?"

"His crimes are many and indefensible, but I would leave their punishment to Heaven," rejoined Pole.

"I could forgive him every injury he has done me, except the divorce pronounced against my sainted mother," said Mary, her cheek flushing, and her eyes kindling as she spoke. "In pronouncing that unjust sentence, he uttered his own condemnation. His fate is sealed."

"Why has the punishment he so richly merits been so long delayed?" demanded Philip.

"His offences, sire, are of so heinous a nature," responded Gardiner, "and so fraught with injury

to our holy religion in its most vital part, that it has been necessary to refer them to that supreme tribunal before which such inquests can only properly be held. His case has been laid before the Pope, who has appointed the Bishop of Gloucester and a commission to try him. On their report judgment will be pronounced in solemn consistory by his Holiness. What that judgment will be, cannot for a moment be doubted. Cranmer will be excommunicated and anathematised, deprived of the archbishopric of Canterbury, and of all ecclesiastical privileges. Furthermore, he will be degraded and delivered to the secular power, and your Majesties will be required by his Holiness to proceed towards him as the law directs."

"For his offences the law prescribes death by fire, and by that death he shall die," said Mary.

"Alas, that it should be so!" muttered Pole. "When will the true spirit of the Gospel, which inculcates toleration, charity, and forgiveness of

injuries, be understood, and its principles practised? I would make a last appeal to your Majesty in behalf of those unfortunates," he added to the Queen.

Before replying, Mary consulted the King by a look. His stern expression of countenance confirmed her.

"It is in vain," she replied. "My heart is steeled against them.

V.

BISHOP BONNER.

SHORTLY afterwards, the Bishop of London was announced by the usher. A brief preliminary description of this remarkable prelate may be necessary.

Edmond Bonner, Bishop of London, whose severity towards the Protestants has caused his memory to be justly detested, was by no means the savage-looking or repulsive personage generally supposed. Of middle height, stout, and of fresh complexion, he had rather a jovial countenance, being fond of good cheer, and his features, except

when inflamed by passion, as they not unfrequently were, had a pleasant expression. But he was exceedingly hot-tempered, and when excited, lost all control of himself, and became perfectly furious. Neither did his anger, though easily roused, quickly subside. In some respects he resembled his royal master, Henry VIII. His disposition was cruel and vindictive, and he never forgot or forgave an injury. To the Reformers, whom he bitterly hated, he proved, as is well known, a terrible scourge.

Born towards the close of the fifteenth century, Bonner was now near upon sixty, but though he had undergone many hardships, and had endured more than four years' imprisonment in the Marshalsea, his spirit was unbroken, and his health unimpaired. During his long captivity he had been supported by the conviction that the ancient worship would be restored, and his enemies be delivered into his hands. What he had hoped for, and prayed for, having come to pass, he

promised himself ample compensation for the afflictions he had endured. Learned and acute, Bonner had early attracted the attention of Wolsey, by whom he was much employed; and being subsequently appointed chaplain to Henry VIII., he rose rapidly in favour, as he accommodated himself without scruple to the King's caprices. Instrumental in furthering the divorce with Katherine of Aragon, Bonner co-operated in the religious changes accomplished by his royal master, and was also entrusted by him with several missions of great delicacy, which he fulfilled very satisfactorily, rendering himself altogether so useful, and continuing so subservient, that, though often rebuffed by the monarch — as who was not? — he never entirely lost his good graces.

But when Edward VI. mounted the throne all was changed. Opposed to the Reformation, though he did not dare openly to manifest his hostility to it, Bonner was regarded with suspicion and dislike by the chiefs of the Protestant party, who

determined upon his overthrow. Cited before an ecclesiastical commission, of which Cranmer was the head, notwithstanding an energetic defence, appeals to the King against the illegality of the tribunal, and the injustice of his sentence, Bonner, at that time Bishop of London, was deprived of his see and benefices, and imprisoned in the Marshalsea, whence he was only liberated on Mary's accession. Restored to his diocese, and reinstated in power, he burned to avenge himself on his enemies, chief amongst whom he reckoned Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer. But now that they were safe in prison, he was content to wait. The cup of vengeance was too sweet to be hastily drained.

Bonner's appearance at this juncture was hailed with satisfaction by Gardiner, who could count upon his support against Pole, and he therefore remarked, after the bishop had made his obeisance to their Majesties, "My associate in the ecclesias-

tical commission concurs with me that no mercy whatever should be shown to heretics."

"Mercy to heretics!" exclaimed Bonner, surprised. "It were mistaken clemency to spare such dangerous offenders. Rigorous measures will alone check the spread of the pestilence by which your kingdom is unhappily affected, gracious madam," he added to the Queen. "Now is the time to strike terror into the hearts of these false brethren —to exterminate them by fire and sword."

"The Lord Cardinal does not think so," rejoined Mary. "He is of opinion that those convicted of heretical pravity should be leniently dealt with."

"You amaze me, madam," cried Bonner.

"The object your Majesty has in view," said Pole, "being to bring back those who have strayed from the paths of truth, and not to drive them yet farther off, gentleness, and not force, should be employed. By severity you will increase the evil

instead of curing it. Fear will make hypocrites, not converts."

"No matter," cried Bonner. "Let the sacramentarians conform outwardly. We care not to search their hearts. Enough for us if they profess themselves Catholics."

"I grieve to hear you say so, my lord," rejoined the Cardinal. "It is better to have an open enemy than a false friend. Our Church does not desire to encourage dissimulation, but to eradicate error and schism. I beseech your Majesty to pause before you proceed farther in a course which I foresee is fraught with danger. Hitherto, all has gone well. Your enemies are confounded. Your people are loving and loyal, willing to make any sacrifices for you, save those of conscience. The faith of your forefathers is restored in its integrity. Your kingdom is reconciled to the Holy See. Is this an opportune moment for persecution? Would you sully the snowy banner of the Church with blood? Would you destroy a tithe

of your subjects by fire and sword—by burning and massacre? Yet this must be done if persecution once commences. Such means of conversion are as unwarrantable as impolitic—contrary to the will of Heaven, and likely to provoke its wrath. I defy the advocates of severity towards heretics to produce a single passage from the Gospel that would authorise Christians to burn their fellow-men for questions purely of conscience. As, therefore, such rigour cannot be sustained by appeal to Holy Writ, neither can it be upheld by any other consideration. It will increase the evil complained of rather than mitigate it."

"Your Eminence forgets how much we have suffered from the Reformers," remarked Bonner.

"If they have done ill, ought we to imitate them in ill-doing?" rejoined Pole. "Let us prove to them that we are better Christians than they are. Your Majesty may trust me, that the true way to convert the Protestants is to reform our own clergy, whose ill-regulated conduct has led to

heresy and backsliding. Better this remedy than the stake."

"All this shall to the Pope," observed Gardiner, in a low tone, to Bonner. "His Eminence will be speedily recalled."

"It is high time he should be recalled if he entertains these opinions," rejoined the other, in the same tone.

"Nothing that has been urged will shake my purpose," said Mary. "I will free my kingdom from the curse that has so long afflicted it, even though I inundate the land with blood. But I agree with your Eminence that much reform is needful in our own clergy, whose manners provoke scandal and encourage infidelity. I will address myself to the task. To you, my Lord Chancellor, and to you, my Lord Bishop," she added to Gardiner and Bonner, "I commit the extirpation of heresy. Relax not in your efforts."

"Rest assured we will not, gracious madam," replied Gardiner.

"Your Eminence seems to think," observed Bonner to the Cardinal, "that the Lord Chancellor and myself have not used proper means of weaning back these misguided men from their errors. As there are two prisoners confined within the Lollards' Tower for religious offences, may I venture to inquire whether you have succeeded in accomplishing their conversion?"

"Not as yet," replied Pole; "but I do not despair of ultimate success."

"What prisoners do you refer to?" demanded Mary. "I have not heard of them."

The Cardinal was about to reply, when a look from the King stopped him.

"Who are they, I repeat?" cried Mary, somewhat sharply, surprised at Pole's disinclination to answer.

"One of them is the unhappy Constance Tyrrell, and the other the half-crazed fanatic, Derrick Carver," replied the Cardinal.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mary. "Was your Ma-

jesty aware that these persons are confined here?" she added to the King.

"They were sent hither by my orders," rejoined Philip, coldly.

"And why was I not informed of the matter?" asked Mary.

"Because I did not deem it needful," replied the King.

"Not needful!" exclaimed Mary. "By my soul, but it was needful! 'Twas a strange step to take without my knowledge or privity."

"You heat yourself unnecessarily, madam," interrupted Philip. "'Twas to spare you annoyance that I kept the matter secret from you."

"How so?" demanded Mary. "The unaccountable disappearance of this girl troubled me, as you know, and Carver's supposed escape was equally displeasing to me."

"You would have been informed of all in good time," said Philip. "How I discovered their

hiding-place, and why I sent them hither, shall be explained anon."

"I trust the explanation will prove satisfactory," replied Mary. "Meantime, I will see the prisoners myself, and interrogate them."

"Shall they be brought before you?" inquired Pole.

"No," returned the Queen; "I will proceed to the Lollards' Tower. Your Eminence will attend me thither."

"'Twere better not, madam," said Philip. "Be ruled by me, and let alone this visit."

"You have some motive," rejoined Mary, in a low tone — "some powerful motive for wishing me not to see Constance Tyrrell. I will see her. I will question her. I will learn the truth."

"Well, then, learn the truth, madam," said Philip. "If you are pained by it, it is not my fault."

"You have deceived me," continued Mary—

"shamefully deceived me. Of that I am convinced."

"Reserve these remarks for a more fitting opportunity, madam," said the King. "Since you are bent upon going to the Lollards' Tower, I will not interfere to prevent you. But at least put some guard upon yourself, and breed not scandal by your causeless suspicions."

Without making any reply, Mary arose. The King offered his arm, but she rejected it, saying she needed not support. Philip, however, was determined to accompany her, and they went forth together, attended by the Cardinal. No one else ventured to follow them, and Gardiner and Bonner, fearing the King might be offended with them, thought it best to retreat, and hastily quitted the palace.

VI.

HOW CONSTANCE TYRRELL WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE QUEEN IN THE LOLLARDS' TOWER.

PRECEDED by Rodomont Bittern and others of the guard, and attended by the Cardinal, their Majesties crossed the court to the Lollards' Tower. As the Queen was slowly ascending the steps leading to the entrance, a sudden faintness seized her, and she paused.

"Better turn back, gracious madam, if you feel ill," observed the Cardinal, noticing her extreme paleness.

"No, it will pass in a moment," she replied.

Resolved not to give way, she went on; but the effort was too much for her, and she had no sooner gained the Post Room than she sank on a chair completely exhausted.

"What place is this?" she asked, in a feeble voice, and glancing around.

"It is called the Post Room, madam, from that wooden pillar in the centre," replied Pole.

"It looks like a torture-chamber," observed Philip.

"It has been put to similar purpose, I fear," said the Cardinal. "Yon pillar has not served merely to support the roof."

"Where is Constance Tyrrell?" demanded Mary.

"In the prison-chamber overhead," replied Pole. "The staircase is steep and difficult. 'Twould be hazardous to your Majesty to mount it."

"Let her be brought down," said the Queen.

Upon this, Rodomont Bittern, who, with Simon

Mallet, keeper of the tower, stood waiting for orders, immediately disappeared through an arched doorway at the farther end of the sombre apartment. Shortly afterwards they returned, bringing with them Constance Tyrrell. This done, they retired.

Constance looked thin and pale, but her colour heightened as she beheld Philip seated near the Queen. The blush, however, quickly faded away, and was succeeded by a death-like pallor, but she did not lose her self-possession. Advancing towards her, the Cardinal said, in a low tone,

"Kneel to her Majesty. Peradventure, you may move her compassion."

Constance did as she was bidden, and threw herself at the Queen's feet, crying,

"If I have offended your Majesty, I implore your forgiveness."

"What have I to forgive you, minion?—what have you done?" said Mary, fixing a searching look upon her. "I know nothing of your

proceedings since you fled from Hampton Court. Where have you hidden yourself? Why were you brought here? Speak!'

"It is a long story to tell, madam," cried Constance, troubled by the stern gaze of the King.

"On peril of your life, I command you to conceal nothing from me!" cried Mary, with a burst of uncontrollable fury. "Confess your guilt, or I will wrest the avowal of it from you by torture. Speak out, and you have nothing to fear —but hesitate, equivocate, palter with me, and you are lost."

"As I hope for salvation, madam," rejoined Constance, "I have nothing to confess."

"It is false!" cried the Queen, with increasing fury. "I read your guilt in your looks. You cannot regard me in the face, and declare you have not injured me."

"I can look Heaven itself in the face, and declare I am innocent of all offence towards your Majesty," rejoined Constance.

"The King, no doubt, will confirm your assertions," observed Mary, bitterly.

"If I did not, I should belie the truth," replied Philip.

"By whose contrivance did you fly from Hampton Court?" demanded Mary.

"Not by the King's, madam. I fled with Osbert Clinton."

"Tut! Osbert Clinton was merely a tool," exclaimed Mary, incredulously. "Did his Majesty know of your hiding-place?"

"Assuredly not, madam," replied Constance. "He it was I dreaded most."

"Ha! we are coming to it now," cried Mary. "Why did you dread him?"

"Nay, madam, persist not in these inquiries, I entreat you," interposed the Cardinal. "You will gain nothing by them, and will only torture yourself."

"Though each word should wound me to the quick, I will have it," said Mary. "Why did you fear the King?"

"Oh! bid me not answer that question, madam —I cannot do it."

"I will answer it for you," said Mary. "Contradict me if you can. You thought that the King loved you, and would pursue you."

"If she believed so, her flight was justifiable, and merits not reproach from your Majesty," observed the Cardinal. "Pardon me if I say you are unjust towards this maiden. I am satisfied you have no real ground of complaint against her."

"At least, she has been the cause of much trouble to me," cried Mary.

"The innocent cause," said Pole.

"Ay, truly so," said Constance. "I have never wronged your Majesty in act or thought. Beset by dangers, I fled from them, and, if I did wrong, it was from error in judgment, and not from ill intent. Had I stayed!——But I will not dwell upon what might have happened. Your Majesty's reproaches cut me to the soul. I do not deserve them. Rather, indeed, am I an object of pity than

reproach. Six months ago I was happy. My life was unclouded—but a change came suddenly, and since then all has been darkness and misery."

"You could not expect happiness, since you have fallen from your faith," said the Queen, severely. "You have justly provoked the wrath of Heaven, and cannot wonder that you have felt the effects of its displeasure. From what you have said, and from what his Eminence has urged in your behalf, I do not believe you have been culpable towards me. But you have caused me many a pang," she added, placing her hand upon her heart.

"Yield to the pitying emotions which I can see sway your breast, gracious madam," interceded Pole, "and forgive her."

"For the affliction she has caused I do forgive her," replied the Queen, with an effort; "but if her conduct towards myself is free from blame, as you represent it, in other respects it is reprehensible. She was nurtured in the true faith, and

was once a model of piety—nay, even contemplated devoting herself to a religious life. But she has listened to the baneful exhortations of one of these teachers of heresy, and has become a proselyte to the new doctrines. What shall be done with her?"

"Leave her to me, madam," rejoined the Cardinal. "I do not despair of accomplishing her cure. My hand shall lead you back," he added to Constance. "My voice shall direct you. It cannot be that one of a devout nature like yourself, imbued from childhood in the principles of our Holy Church, familiar with its rites and worship, can efface its doctrines from your breast, and abandon them for another creed. Your conscience must be troubled. The sure way to regain serenity is to abjure your errors."

"Time was when every word uttered by your Eminence would have found a response in my breast," rejoined Constance. "But the rites I formerly practised seem to me idolatrous, and the

doctrines then taught me unwarranted by the Gospel. I cannot go back to the faith of Rome."

"You shall be forced back, mistress, if you continue perverse," cried the Queen, sharply.

"Hold, madam!" exclaimed Pole. "In this instance let me have my way. I would win back this maiden by gentleness, and not by coercion. I would appeal to her reason and judgment, and not to her fears. Her cure may be the work of time, because the disorder under which she labours is obstinate, but I do not think it will baffle my skill."

"If I could be persuaded by any one to return to the faith I have abjured, it would be by your Eminence," said Constance, yielding to the kindly influence of his manner.

"You see, madam, I have already made some little impression," observed Pole to the Queen. "Mildness is more efficacious than violence. As she was enticed from the fold, so must she be lured back to it."

"Well, have your way with her," replied Mary. "Where is the other prisoner, Derrick Carver?"

"In a dungeon beneath this room," replied Pole. "He was placed there in order that no communication should take place between him and Constance Tyrrell. They have not seen each other since they were brought to the Lollards' Tower."

"Such were my orders," observed Philip.

"It is well," rejoined the Queen. "They shall see each other now. Let him be brought before me."

VII.

AN ACCUSER.

On being brought into the room by Rodomont and Mallet, Derrick Carver made a profound reverence to the Queen, but none to Philip and the Cardinal. Then addressing himself to Constance, he said, "Welcome, daughter! Is the time come for our deliverance from bondage?"

"Not yet," she replied.

"How long, O Lord! wilt thou suffer thy saints to be persecuted?" exclaimed the enthusiast. "It would be glad tidings to me to learn that my weary pilgrimage was near at hand."

"Are you prepared to meet the death you seem to covet?" asked Pole.

"I trust so," replied Carver. "I have prayed long and deeply."

"And repented of your sins—of your murtherous designs against the life of his Majesty?" pursued Pole.

"I do not regard that design as sinful," said Carver. "Repentance, therefore, is uncalled for."

"And you believe yourself to be religious, mistaken man," rejoined Pole. "I tell you, if you die in this impenitent state, you will perish everlastingly. You are so blinded by pride and vainglory that you cannot discern evil from good, and persuade yourself that you are actuated by high and noble motives, when in reality your motives are sinful and damnable. You are nothing more than an execrable assassin; so hardened in guilt that your heart is inaccessible to virtuous and honourable feelings. True religion you have none. You profess to believe in the

tenets of the Gospel, yet practise them not. Our blessed Saviour would never number you among his followers, but would cast you off as an unprofitable and faithless servant. You reject truths you do not understand, treat sacred rites as superstitions, and revile those who differ from you in opinion. Go to! you ask for death, and yet you are unfit to die."

"It is not for you to pass sentence upon me," said Carver. "Heaven, to whom my secret motives are known, will judge me."

"And condemn you, if you repent not," said Pole, "for your soul is charged with heavy offences. As I am informed by those who have heard you, you have prayed for her Majesty's destruction."

"I have prayed Heaven to touch her heart, so as to cause her to abandon idolatry, or to abridge her days," rejoined Carver. "Better she be removed than false gods be set up in our temples."

"And know you not that by giving utterance

to such a prayer you incur the doom of a traitor?" said Pole. "Your offences are so rank and monstrous, that, unless you exhibit some penitence, I cannot intercede in your behalf with her Majesty."

"I ask for no grace from her, and expect none," replied Carver. "Had I twenty lives, I would lay them down for my religion and for my country. We have been delivered to a foreign yoke. But it will not bind us long."

"Peace!" cried Rodomont. "Knowest thou not that thou art in the presence of the King?"

"I know it well, and, therefore, I speak out," rejoined Carver. "I tell this proud Prince of Spain that England will never submit to his hateful and tyrannous rule. The country will rise up against him, and cast him off. He persuades himself that a son will be born to him, and that through that son he will govern. But he is puffed up with vain hopes. Heaven will refuse him issue."

"Ha! this passes all endurance," cried Philip.

"Have I touched thee, tyrant?" pursued Carver, exultingly. "Heaven, I repeat, will refuse thee issue. The support on which thou countest will be taken from thee. Didst thou dare make the attempt, the accursed Inquisition would at this moment be established amongst us. Thou hast it in reserve for a future day, but ere that day arrives thy perfidy will be discovered. False to thy oaths, faithless to thy Queen, treacherous to all, thou shalt meet thy just reward."

"Faithless to me!" exclaimed Mary. "What wouldst thou dare insinuate, thou foul-mouthed villain?"

"That which I will dare maintain," rejoined Carver—"that the consort you have chosen and have placed on the throne beside you is false to his marriage vows."

"Away with him!" cried Philip, furiously.

"Stay!" exclaimed Mary. "I would question him further."

"Forbear, I beseech you, madam," interposed

Pole. "You only give him power to level his poisonous shafts against you."

"His tongue ought to be torn from his throat for giving utterance to the lies his black heart has conceived!" cried Philip.

"My tongue has uttered no lies," said Carver. "I have shown the Queen how she has been deceived."

"Thou hast simply proved thine own wickedness and malevolence," said Pole. "But thy malice is impotent. Her Majesty despises thy slander.'

"But it cannot pass unpunished," said Philip. "Let the false villain instantly retract the calumnies he has uttered, or he shall be tied to yon post and scourged till he shall confess himself a liar and a slanderer. Let him be forced to recite the prayer for her Majesty's safe deliverance, on pain of further torture. And, until he manifest contrition for his offences, let his chastisement be daily repeated."

"I will do none of these things," rejoined

Carver, resolutely. "Scourge me to death, and I will not retract a single word I have uttered. I will not pray that the Queen, whom thou hast deceived and wronged, may bear thee a son, and so confirm thine authority. But I will pray to the last that my country may be delivered from oppression, that the Papal power may be overthrown, and the Protestant religion be re-established."

"Thy resolution shall be tested," said Philip.

"Your Majesty is justly incensed against this miserable man," said Pole to the King. "Yet would I step between him and your anger, and entreat you to spare him the chastisement you have ordered to be inflicted upon him. I do not seek to extenuate his offences. They are many and heinous, and he must bear their punishment. But spare him additional suffering. Spare him the scourge and the rack."

"I will spare him nothing unless he retract," replied Philip, sternly.

"I would accept no grace procured by thee," said Carver to Pole. "As the representative of Antichrist, I regard thee with loathing and detestation, and will take nothing from thee."

"Were not thy mind distraught, thou couldst have no antipathy to one who would befriend thee," replied the Cardinal. "My religion teaches me to bless those that curse us, to pray for them that use us despitefully. Be assured I shall not forget thee in my prayers."

Carver regarded him steadily, but made no answer.

"I shall pray that thy heart may be softened," pursued Pole, "that thou mayst understand thy sinfulness, and truly repent of it ere it be too late. Once more I beseech your Majesty to spare him the torture."

"Be it as you will. I can refuse your Eminence nothing," replied Philip.

"This is all the revenge I would take," said

Pole, turning to Carver. "You have declared that you hate me—that you regard me as the representative of Antichrist. You profess yourself to be a believer in the Gospel. My practice is at least more conformable to its precepts than yours."

Carver made no reply, but his lip slightly quivered.

"Miserable man," continued Pole, looking at him compassionately, "I pity you, and would save you if I could. I see the struggle going on in your breast. Wrestle with the demon who would gain the mastery over your soul, and cast him from you. Pride stifles the better emotions of your heart. Do not restrain them."

"If I listen to him much longer my resolution will fail me," murmured Carver. "I cannot resist his influence."

"Ere long you will be in a better frame of mind," continued Pole, "and more accessible to the arguments I would employ."

"Think it not," interrupted Carver, at once recovering his sternness. "You will never convert me to Popery and idolatry."

"I may at least make you sensible of your errors, and lead you to repentance," said Pole. "The rest lies with Heaven."

"He shall remain in your Eminence's charge during a short space," said Mary, "in the hope that you may be able to bring him to a full sense of his enormities, and prepare him for his end. His life is forfeited."

"So the death to which I am doomed be the same as that wherewith the staunchest adherents of our faith are menaced, I am content," said Carver.

"Thou shall have thy wish," rejoined Mary. "Thy death shall be by fire."

"Then I shall gain my crown of martyrdom," cried Carver, exultingly.

"Fire will not purge out your sins," said the

Cardinal. "Those will cling to the soul, which is indestructible. Therefore repent."

"And speedily," added Mary, "for thy time is short."

Hereupon her Majesty arose, and, quitting the Post Room, proceeded to the chapel, to which, as we have previously intimated, there was access from the lower part of the Lollards' Tower.

Here mass was performed, and, by the Queen's express orders, both Constance Tyrrell and Derrick Carver were brought into the chapel during the service. At its close they were taken to their cells, while the royal pair proceeded with the Cardinal to the banqueting-chamber, where a collation was prepared.

The Queen, however, declined to partake of the repast, saying she felt faint and ill, and two ladies who had accompanied her to the palace being hastily summoned, she retired with them.

VIII.

HOW THE QUEEN CONFIDED HER GRIEFS TO THE CARDINAL.

PHILIP, who exhibited little uneasiness at the Queen's indisposition, was still seated at table with Pole, when the Cardinal's physician, Doctor Forest, came in, and informed his Eminence that her Majesty desired instant speech with him.

"The Queen is not seriously ill, I trust, sir?" said Philip, alarmed by the physician's grave looks.

"She appears to have received a severe shock, sire," replied Forest, "but I trust no ill consequences may ensue. Her Majesty wishes to see

your Eminence — alone," he added to the Cardinal.

"Go to her at once," said Philip. "If my hopes of succession should be blighted, it will be grievous indeed. But you have no such fears, sir?" he added quickly to the physician.

"I shall have no fear if her Majesty's mind can be tranquillised," replied Forest — "and that, I trust, his Eminence will be able to accomplish."

"My reliance, then, is upon you," said Philip to the Cardinal. "A few words from your lips will not fail to calm her."

Thereupon Pole hastened to the apartment where the Queen had been conveyed. On entering it, he found her reclining on a couch, and attended by her ladies, who, on his appearance, immediately withdrew.

"I am much concerned to see your Majesty thus," observed Pole. "It will be a real affliction if your visit to me should be productive of ill consequences to yourself."

"I am sorry I came," replied Mary. "The words of that malignant heretic have sunk deep into my breast. He said that I shall never be a mother."

"Let not his words trouble you for a moment, gracious madam," said Pole. "They are of no account. He but gave utterance to the evil wishes of his heart—nothing more. Dismiss all fears from your breast, and look joyfully and confidently forward to the moment which will crown a nation's satisfaction in your marriage by giving it a prince."

"Your words are comforting," replied Mary, faintly; "but I cannot shake off my fears. Something whispers in mine ear that the fond hopes I have indulged will prove vain. And what will happen then?" she continued, with a shudder. "I shall lose my husband."

"Oh! think not so, gracious madam—think not so!" cried Pole. "If the consummation you dread were to happen—which Heaven, in its goodness,

avert!—and fill the land with sorrow—the King, your husband, would be more devoted to you than ever."

"Hear me, my Lord Cardinal," said Mary, grasping his arm convulsively. "I have already lost my husband's love, if I ever possessed it, which I more than doubt. Were I to disappoint his expectations now, he would leave me."

"Leave you, gracious madam! Impossible!"

"I say he would," rejoined the Queen. "This is the only tie that binds us together. I cannot give him my kingdom, and if I fail to give him an heir, through whom he may exercise the sovereignty, he will return to Spain."

"I cannot believe him so ungrateful," cried Pole. "Your Majesty does him injustice."

"His conduct towards me leaves me no doubt as to his intentions," rejoined Mary. "On our first meeting he vowed he loved me, but his vows were false. I am not blind to my defects. I

know I have few charms of person to attract him —that I have neither youth nor beauty. But I gave him a deep, true love. Moreover, I gave him a kingdom. How has he requited me?—by neglect, by harshness, by infidelity."

"Oh! madam, I would willingly discredit what I hear," cried Pole. "If it be as you represent, I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

"My sainted mother, Queen Katherine of Aragon, was most unhappy," pursued Mary; "but I am little less unhappy. Neglected, injured, scorned as I am by my husband, I cannot, despite the efforts I make, shake off the love I bear him. I summon pride to my aid, but in vain. My heart is wrung with jealousy, but I hide my torments. What shall I do if I lose him?"

"You will not lose him, gracious madam—fear it not," exclaimed Pole. "I will remonstrate with him. I will convince him of the wickedness of his conduct."

"Proceed with caution, or you will only make

matters worse," said Mary. "Were I to lose him I should die."

"Do not distress yourself thus, madam," said Pole. "Exalted as is your station, it does not exempt you from the ordinary sufferings of humanity—nay, it exposes you to greater ills than fall to the lot of those less loftily placed. The King is unworthy of your love, I grant, but I counsel you not to resent his neglect, nor to reproach him. Bear yourself ever gently towards him, ever maintaining your own dignity, and if you win not back his love, you are certain to gain his esteem."

"Perchance I have reproached him overmuch," cried Mary. "But, as I have already said, my heart has been wrung by jealousy."

"Crush all such feelings, at whatever cost," rejoined Pole. "Give him no grounds of complaint."

"But his unkindness makes me wretched," cried Mary. "Would I could hate him—despise him!"

"It is sad that love like yours should meet so poor a return," sighed Pole; "and the King is blind to his own happiness that he does not estimate the treasure he casts away, to set up worthless baubles in its place. Pray constantly and fervently to Heaven to bless you with a son, and if your prayers are granted, you will be happy."

"But if Heaven should deny me the blessing?

"Heaven will compassionate you," said the Cardinal. "It will not be deaf to prayers like yours."

"Yet my mother's prayers were unheard, though her wrongs and sufferings were greater than mine. She died neglected, heart-broken. Such may be my fate."

"The indulgence of these thoughts is like to bring about the very calamity you would avert, madam," said Pole. "You know and feel how much depends upon the event we so much desire, and your physician will tell you that to a favourable issue freedom from agitation and anxiety are essen-

tial. You will undo all the good if you harass yourself thus unnecessarily."

"I will try to follow your counsel," replied Mary. "And now, my good Lord Cardinal, answer me one question. Have I wrongfully suspected Constance Tyrrell?"

"Madam, I truly think so," replied Pole.

"Then send for her instantly, that I may repair the wrong I have done," cried Mary.

The Cardinal readily complied, and ere long Constance made her appearance.

"Come hither, child," said the Queen, in a kind voice, on seeing her. "I have done you injustice. But I will make amends. You told me that you fled from Hampton Court with Osbert Clinton. Why did you trust him?"

"I trusted him because—because he loved me, gracious madam," replied Constance. "Since then we have been affianced."

"Is the King aware of your betrothal?" inquired Mary.

"He is, madam," replied Constance. "But he has forbidden Osbert, on pain of death, to see me again."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mary. "Then I cannot aid you as I should wish to do. You must think of Osbert no more."

"I cannot obey you in that respect, madam," replied Constance. "He is never absent from my thoughts."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mary. "Your fate is as sad as my own. We are both doomed to unhappiness."

"But it is in your Majesty's power to make me happy—to make Osbert happy," cried Constance.

"Alas! child, you give me credit for more power than I possess," rejoined Mary. "I dare not oppose the King in this matter. Osbert must not see you again. Should he do so, I cannot save him from the King's resentment. But I will do all I can for you. You shall be released from confinement, but you must remain for a time with

the good Cardinal, who, I am sure, will be a father to you."

"I will willingly take charge of her," said Pole. "She shall have free range of the palace."

"But she must not quit it without my consent," said Mary. "Neither must she see Osbert Clinton."

"I will answer for her," rejoined the Cardinal.

"Nay, I will answer for myself," cried Constance. "I thank your Majesty from the bottom of my heart, and will faithfully obey your injunctions."

"It will be a period of probation, that is all," said the Queen. "You will be better and happier for it in the end—at least, I trust so. And now, child, you may retire. Remember what I have said about Osbert Clinton."

"I shall not fail, gracious madam," she replied. And kissing the hand extended to her by the Queen, she withdrew.

Some further conversation then took place be-

tween Mary and the Cardinal, which had the effect of restoring the Queen to comparative cheerfulness, and she declared that she now felt quite able to return to Whitehall. By her desire Pole then summoned her ladies, and, on their appearance, quitted her to communicate the glad intelligence of her recovery to the King.

IX.

THE FRANCISCAN.

PHILIP remained for some little time in the banqueting-chamber, expecting the Cardinal's return, but as Pole did not appear, the King at last sallied forth into the court, where several of the Cardinal's retinue were assembled. Perceiving Rodomont Bittern among them, he signed to him to approach, and then walking apart with him, said, with a certain significance:

"Since Constance Tyrrell has been imprisoned in the Lollards' Tower, no communication has passed between her and Osbert Clinton?—ha!"

"Access to her while shut up in yon tower were impossible without consent of the keeper, sire," replied Rodomont; "and he is faithful."

"Difficult it may be, but not impossible," rejoined the King. "Yon ivied wall would not be difficult to scale. Her prison-chamber has a window which might be reached by a rope ladder."

"Can he suspect?" thought Rodomont, uneasily.

"Such plans are common enough in Spain, where walls, bolts, and bars, and even watchful gaolers, cannot shut out lovers," pursued Philip. "Osbert Clinton is rash enough — enamoured enough to attempt anything."

"Your Majesty is a better judge of such matters than I can pretend to be," said Rodomont; "but I would risk life and limb for no woman, were she twice as lovely as Constance Tyrrell. The danger of the enterprise would effectually cool my ardour. Osbert Clinton well knows that he would

incur your Majesty's severe displeasure were he to make any such attempt."

"Danger, I repeat, will not deter him," said the King. "It is not enough that Constance is shut up in yon tower—that the doors of her cell are locked, and the windows barred. I tell you, he will find a way to her—if he has not done so already."

"I dare not contradict your Majesty," replied Rodomont. "It may be as you suspect. What more would you have done?"

"That tower must be strictly watched at night," said Philip, "and you must be the watcher."

"I am ready to obey your Majesty," replied Rodomont; "but such an office will somewhat interfere with my duties to the Cardinal."

"Heed not that!" said Philip. "I will hold you excused with his Eminence. You will commence the watch to-night."

"To-night, sire?"

"Should Osbert Clinton venture hither, arrest him, and keep him in close confinement till you learn my pleasure."

"May I make bold to inquire if your Majesty has any reason to suspect that he will come?" said Rodomont.

"It matters not what I suspect. Do as I command you."

"Your injunctions shall be obeyed, sire," returned Rodomont. "And for his own sake I hope Master Osbert Clinton may keep away."

At this moment a tall Franciscan friar, with the cowl of his grey robe drawn over his head, was seen marching slowly along the court-yard. He directed his steps towards the Lollards' Tower, and on reaching it stayed at the doorway, where he remained in converse with Mallet, the keeper.

"Who is yon monk, and what is his errand?" demanded the King, who had been watching him with some curiosity.

"I know him not, sire—he is a stranger," re-

plied Rodomont. "Apparently, he is seeking admittance to one of the prisoners, which Mallet, the keeper, is unwilling to grant. Perchance, it may be Mistress Constance Tyrrell whom he desires to see."

"Bring him before me, I will question him," said Philip.

Rodomont instantly obeyed, and shortly afterwards returned with the friar and Mallet. The Franciscan made a humble obeisance to the King, but did not attempt to raise his hood.

"An please your Majesty, this holy man is from Winchester," said Mallet. "He is charged by Father Jerome, of Saint Catherine's Chapel on the Hill, with a message to Mistress Constance Tyrrell. Is it not so?" he added to the monk.

The Franciscan bowed his head.

"Is Father Jerome aware that she to whom he has sent you has lapsed from the faith?" said the King.

"He is, sire," replied the monk, in tones that

sounded strangely hollow, "but he hopes she may still be reclaimed. With the design of rendering some aid in the good work, I have come hither. Great success has hitherto attended my efforts; and therefore it is that good Father Jerome, who is deeply interested in Mistress Constance's spiritual welfare, hath selected me for the office."

"An opportunity shall be afforded you of making the attempt," said the King. "There can be no reason why this holy man should not be admitted to her," he added to Mallet. "Take him to her cell."

"Mistress Constance is not in her cell at present, sire," observed Mallet.

"Where is she, then?" cried the King, sharply.

"She is with her Majesty, sire," replied Mallet.

"With the Queen!" exclaimed Philip, surprised. "Go into the tower, good father, and await her return."

"Ha, here comes Mistress Constance," exclaimed Rodomont, as the damsel, escorted by Simnel and

Holiday, issued from the palace, and made her way towards the Lollards' Tower. Bowing humbly to the King, she would have passed on, had he not stopped her.

"You have been with her Majesty, as I understand?" he said. "How fares it with her now?"

"As well as you could desire, sire," she replied. "Her Majesty has quite recovered."

"I would fain reward you for your good tidings," said Philip. "It rests with yourself whether your imprisonment in this tower shall be prolonged."

"My term of durance is at an end, sire," she rejoined. "I am a prisoner, it is true, but only restricted to the limits of the palace. I desire no greater freedom. The Queen has conferred this grace upon me."

"Her Majesty has only anticipated my intentions," said Philip. "It grieved me to think you should have been confined within that dreary cell. But why did you not appeal to me, when you

well knew that a word would have procured you full liberty?"

"But I could not utter that word, sire," she rejoined, coldly.

"Tarry a moment," said the King, checking her departure. "This holy man has been sent by Father Jerome, to whose ghostly counsels you once gave heed, in the hope that he may restore you to the Catholic Church."

"I am much beholden to Father Jerome for his kindly concern in my behalf," she rejoined; "and it pains me to dismiss the good friar he has sent without a hearing. But a conference would be profitable to neither of us, and I must therefore decline it."

"How know you that such a conference would be unprofitable, daughter?" said the friar, in tones that trembled with emotion. "I pray you send me not away unheard."

At the sound of his voice Constance started,

and was seized with a trepidation which she could hardly conceal.

"Can he have ventured here in this disguise?" she murmured. "Imprudent that he is, he will sacrifice himself by his rashness! No, no," she added, aloud, "I cannot consent to a conference with you without the Cardinal's sanction. I am under his charge."

"If that be all, his Eminence's sanction can be readily procured, for here he comes," said Philip.

"The Cardinal here! then he is lost," mentally ejaculated Constance. "You have come on a vain errand," she added, to the monk.

"Nay, let us hear what his Eminence has to say to the matter," observed Philip. And, as Pole came up at the moment, he told him what had occurred.

"Father Jerome must have much confidence in this friar if he imagines he will succeed where

we have failed," remarked Pole. "I will question him, and judge of his fitness for the task. Bring him to me anon," he added to Rodomont.

"I do not desire to confer with him," cried Constance, distractedly. "Send him away!—send him away!"

"What means this strange emotion?" thought the Cardinal. "A word with you, daughter," he added, taking her aside. "Who is this monk? I must know the truth. Attempt to deceive me, and I will compel him to raise his hood."

"In mercy spare him," she rejoined. "If the King beholds his features he is lost."

"Then it is Osbert Clinton," said the Cardinal. "I will not betray him, but you must promise to hold no converse with him."

"I do—I do," she rejoined.

"Control yourself, or you will excite the King's suspicions," pursued the Cardinal. "I am glad I made this discovery in time. I shall warn this rash youth not to come here again. If he does, he

must not count on my protection. And now," he added, so as to be heard by the King, "retire to your cell till a chamber can be prepared for you in the palace. I will speak with this friar anon, and act as may seem best to me in regard to him."

Thanking him for his goodness, and making an obeisance to the King, Constance withdrew.

Philip and the Cardinal then hastened to the Queen, and shortly afterwards the royal pair embarked in the barge awaiting them, and returned to Whitehall.

X.

OF THE COUNSEL GIVEN TO OSBERT CLINTON BY THE CARDINAL.

THEIR Majesties had not long quitted Lambeth Palace, when the Franciscan friar was summoned by Rodomont to the presence of the Cardinal.

While crossing the court with the monk, Rodomont paused for a moment, and directed his companion's attention to the Lollards' Tower.

"You would imagine the prisoners must be secure in that tower, holy father," he remarked.

"Unquestionably so, my son," replied the friar.

"His Majesty, however, is not of that opinion," rejoined Rodomont. "He is under the impression

that a certain young gallant, whose brain seems turned by love, would be rash enough to climb, by means of a rope ladder, to the window of the cell wherein his mistress is confined."

"Does the King suspect this?" inquired the monk, uneasily.

"So shrewdly, that he has commanded me to keep strict watch to-night, and to arrest the love-sick gallant should he appear. The task is not to my liking, but I must obey his Majesty's orders. Some men will run any risk for those they love—but you, father, cannot understand such matters. You would reprove Osbert Clinton—for so the gallant is named—for his rashness and folly."

"I should pity him rather than blame him," said the friar.

"And you would not deem it wrong if I were to aid him, eh, father? Certes, I should be loth to betray him—but he is so imprudent that he might betray himself. 'Tis a miracle that he 'scaped detection by the King just now."

"What mean you, my son?" cried the monk, alarmed.

"I mean that Master Osbert Clinton has been rash enough to venture hither," said Rodomont; "and though luckily his Majesty did not see through his disguise, I was not equally blind."

"You knew me, then?" said Osbert Clinton.

"My suspicions of the truth were roused from the first, and were speedily changed to certainty," rejoined Rodomont. "'Twas marvellous, I repeat, that you imposed upon the quick-sighted King, but I do not think the Cardinal was deceived. However, you have not much to fear from his Eminence, who is too kind-hearted to do more than chide you for your indiscretion. Had things continued as they were, and Mistress Constance been kept a prisoner in yon tower, I would have helped you to liberate her. But a change for the better has occurred. The doors of her cell are opened, and she is free to go where she lists within

the palace. Let that content you. And now I must bring you before his Eminence."

With this they entered the palace, and after passing through the vestibule, where a number of persons belonging to the household were collected, they proceeded to a spacious chamber, with a carved oak ceiling, windows filled with painted glass, and walls furnished with book-shelves stored with goodly tomes, where they found the Cardinal seated at a table. He was writing at the moment, and only suspended his task to look up, and then resumed it. When he had finished his letter and sealed it, he delivered it to Rodomont, bidding him give it to Lord Montague's messenger, who was waiting for it. As soon as they were alone, he turned to Osbert, and assuming a grave and severe expression of countenance, ordered him to throw back his hood; and, as the young man complied, he said, "'Tis as I suspected. You are Osbert Clinton."

"Yes, I am he," replied the other. "It was my intention to avow myself to your Eminence—to explain my motives in coming hither, and to crave your pardon."

"It is needless to explain your motives," said Pole; "I am fully aware of them. Neither, though I blame your rashness, shall I refuse you pardon. But this indiscretion must not be repeated. If you come hither again, you must take the consequences of your folly. You are free to go as you came—but again I say, you must not return."

"Ere I go, your Eminence's goodness emboldens me to ask your permission for a brief interview with Constance Tyrrell."

"I cannot grant your request," replied the Cardinal, "though it pains me to refuse it. I pity both you and Constance, but I cannot aid you in the dilemma in which you are placed. Patience is difficult, especially to a young and ardent lover; but you must perforce practise it. Be

not cast down. If Fortune refuses to smile on you now, she may do so hereafter. Be hopeful, be courageous, be trustful; and if your love survives these trials, you will be rewarded in due season. Rashness and precipitancy will destroy all. Constance will be safe with me—safe as with her own father; nay, safer, for I have more power than he can possess. If I cannot give her to you—if I cannot even allow you to approach her—I can protect her. Seek not then to disturb her, or to plunge yourself into difficulties from which none can extricate you. I shall employ the same arguments with Constance. I will tell her that your enforced separation will only be for a time—that she must not despair, but may confidently look forward to a meeting with you on some future day."

"I am fully sensible of the wisdom of your Eminence's counsel, and will endeavour to profit by it," said Osbert. "Though the separation will be hard to bear, it will be shorn of much of its

anguish by the reflection that she has found a sanctuary with you."

"And such, in truth, it is, for she will be protected from all danger," rejoined Pole. "Henceforth you may picture her, not as the inmate of a narrow cell, condemned to pass her hours in seclusion, but as my guest, free to go where she will within this mansion; not coerced in matters of religion, though I shall try by all proper means to lead her back to her former faith; subject to no harsh discipline or regulations; not compelled to perform any severe penance, but left to her own free will—such will be the course I shall pursue with her, and I trust it may tend to her comfort and benefit."

"It cannot fail," said Osbert. "Under your Eminence's benignant influence she must be happy."

"She will, at least, find a refuge from the terrible storm which is at hand, and which might overwhelm her as it will many others," said the

Cardinal. "Be thankful, therefore, that she is not exposed to this great peril, and is not likely to be numbered amongst the victims of the religious persecution, which, I fear, is at hand. And now fare you well, sir. Take my blessing with you. No words of gratitude are needed. You shall thank me hereafter, when I restore Constance to you."

With this, he struck a small silver bell which stood upon the table beside him. Before the summons could be answered, Osbert had drawn the cowl over his head.

"Conduct this monk to the gate," said the Cardinal to Rodomont, as the latter entered the room, "and suffer him not to talk with any one by the way."

"It shall be done as your Eminence enjoins," said Rodomont. "Come, father!"

And he quitted the room with Osbert.

XI.

HOW CONSTANCE PASSED HER TIME IN LAMBETH PALACE.

THE good Cardinal acted up to his promise in regard to Constance. An apartment was assigned her in a wing of the palace overlooking the garden, and that nothing might be wanting to her comfort, search was made for her old attendant, Dorcas, whose retreat being discovered, without much difficulty, by Rodomont, she was brought to the palace, and reinstated in her former position with her young mistress.

Ever since the night when Constance had been carried off to the Lollards' Tower, the poor old

woman had been inconsolable. Her joy, therefore, on finding her young mistress again, may be imagined. She strained her to her breast with all a mother's affection, wept over her, and could scarcely cease her demonstrations of regard. The Cardinal, who witnessed the meeting, was much touched by it, but at last deemed it proper to moderate the old woman's transports of delight. But this only turned the tide of her gratitude upon him. She fell down at his feet, embraced his knees, and prayed that his goodness might be rewarded.

Treated with paternal kindness and consideration by the Cardinal, Constance could not but feel profound gratitude towards him; and as the virtues of his character became more fully revealed to her, she began to regard him with feelings akin to veneration.

They had frequent discourses together on points of faith, and, though Constance's adherence to the new doctrines remained unshaken, she listened

with attention to the Cardinal's able and profound exposition of the tenets of the Church of Rome. The differences between their respective creeds appeared slighter than she had at first supposed, and if all Romish priests and prelates were like the Cardinal, lived as he lived, and taught as he taught, she felt that there might, indeed, be one universal Church.

The calmness of Pole's manner, the clearness of his judgment, his profound theological learning, contrasted strongly with the fanaticism and fiery zeal of Derrick Carver, who had as little toleration for the Romanists as they had for him. Her mind, over-excited by the stimulative discourses of the enthusiast, acquired a healthier tone from the exhortations of the Cardinal, and she felt like one who had recovered from a fever.

Perfectly resigned to her position, strengthened in all her good resolutions by Pole, and allowed the free exercise of her own religious opinions, she became composed and cheerful, and, if not

quite happy, was at least free from despondency. Her personal appearance improved in the same ratio, and, ere many weeks had flown, she had quite recovered her beauty. Her life might appear dull and monotonous, but its very monotony was not without a charm to her, who from early years had meditated the seclusion of a convent. Caring little for the world, or its pleasures and vanities, she was well content with her present existence, and scarcely desired to change it. Not that the Cardinal's palace, with its princely establishment, its numerous and important guests, was devoid of the stir and bustle of active life, but in this she took no part. She did not mingle with the household, and was never seen by the Cardinal's numerous guests.

The garden was open to her, with its long terraces, its alleys and groves, and therein she took her walks at morn. At such times she often met Pole and Priuli, and discoursed with them. In argument Priuli displayed the same moderation

and clearness of judgment as his friend, though he did not equal him in profundity of intellect or learning. Perhaps Pole was disappointed that he did not produce a more sensible impression upon his pupil, and bring her to express contrition for her errors, and a desire for reconciliation with the Church of Rome, but he did not manifest any impatience; still less did he employ harshness or threats. Attendance at the chapel at matins or evensong, or during the celebration of mass, was not compulsory on Constance, nor was she forced to assist at any of the rites or observances of the Church of Rome.

Not unfrequently the Cardinal spoke to her of Osbert Clinton, and held out to her, as he had done to her lover, the hope of a meeting at some future day.

Shortly after Constance's partial restoration to freedom, the Cardinal despatched Rodomont to Southampton to acquaint Master Tyrrell with the

steps he had taken in his daughter's behalf, and inviting him to come and see her.

Rodomont would fain have brought the old merchant back with him, but Tyrrell declined. His anger against Constance had not yet abated. Unless she renounced her errors she need not hope to see him again, he declared. He left her entirely in the Lord Cardinal's hands, satisfied that if her conversion could be accomplished it would be by his Eminence. The old merchant, it was clear, was so apprehensive of being implicated with his daughter, and suspected of heretical pravity himself, that he was resolved not to go near her.

Rodomont seized the opportunity of ascertaining his sentiments in regard to her union with Osbert Clinton. But on this point the old merchant was equally obstinate. "I will not consent to her marriage—I will not give her my blessing—I will not see her till she recants, and returns to the

faith of her forefathers," he cried. "Then she shall be my daughter once more."

"It is well for her that she has found a father in the Cardinal, since her own father deserts her in her need," observed Rodomont.

"Why, what would you have me do?" cried Tyrrell.

"Go see her! comfort her! persuade her to conform," rejoined Rodomont.

"And be suspected of heresy, and cited before the ecclesiastical commissioners—mayhap burnt before my own door," said Tyrrell. "No, I thank you. I mean to keep out of harm's way."

"Well, if you can reconcile such conduct to your conscience, I have no more to say," observed Rodomont; "except, that if you escape burning in this world, you stand a good chance of burning in the next. So you positively decline to go back with me to Lambeth Palace—eh?"

"Positively," replied Tyrrell. "As a good Catholic, the Cardinal will applaud my conduct."

"There you are mistaken," rejoined Rodomont. "You little understand his Eminence, if you suppose him dead to the feelings of human nature, as you appear to be. He can but entertain one opinion of your conduct—disgust." So saying, he left him.

On his return to Lambeth Palace, Rodomont informed the Cardinal what had passed between himself and Master Tyrrell. Pole could scarcely credit the relation, so astounded was he at the old merchant's extraordinary indifference to his daughter. However, the effect produced upon him by Tyrrell's stoical conduct, was to increase the fatherly concern he already felt in Constance, and make him more anxious than ever for her conversion.

How he prospered in his efforts we have already seen.

XII.

HOW THE CARDINAL VISITED DERRICK CARVER IN HIS CELL IN THE LOLLARDS' TOWER.

BUT there was another person besides Osbert Clinton in whom Constance took deep interest, and whose perilous position occasioned her profound anxiety. This was Derrick Carver. True, since her intercourse with Pole, her admiration of the enthusiast had somewhat abated, but she could not forget the benefits he had conferred upon her. All that she could learn respecting Carver was, that he had been removed from the underground dungeon to the prison-chamber in the Lollards'

Tower, which she herself had occupied, and that he was still confined there. She also ascertained, by means of old Dorcas, that he had been several times examined by Bonner, and had been severely handled by them for his contumacy. Fain would she have obtained an interview with him—fain would she have prayed with him and consoled him—but this was not permitted. Pole, who considered the fanatic's influence over her to be most pernicious, refused her solicitations, and in a manner that did not allow her to renew the request. The Cardinal declared that, finding Carver impracticable, he had surrendered him to the ecclesiastical commissioners, and he was now entirely in their hands.

Constance, therefore, had no hope of beholding the enthusiast again in this world. Strange to say, she did not altogether deplore his fate, but in moments of exaltation almost envied him the martyrdom which it appeared certain he would have to endure.

Throughout this time of trial, Carver's resolution had never deserted him — had never even wavered. The prison-chamber to which he had been removed was a great improvement upon the dismal dungeon wherein he had been previously immured. In fact, as his movements were not restrained, and he was allowed writing materials, with a Bible and a book of prayer, he was well enough content with his lodging. To the mementoes of the many sufferers for conscience' sake who had preceded him in this cell, and had carved their names on the stout oak panels lining the walls, he added his own name, with these words: "APPROVED BY STRIPES, IMPRISONMENT, AND DEATH."

His cell was by no means gloomy. Through the narrow grated window looking upon the Thames, and at which Osbert had conversed with Constance, he obtained a glimpse of the river, and of some structures on its opposite banks, while he could hear the dash of oars in the water, and the

cheerful voices of the boatmen. But the stern enthusiast bestowed but little thought on the external world. His time was now entirely occupied in preparation for eternity, and in fortifying himself for the fiery ordeal by which his faith was to be approved.

On several occasions, as we have already stated, he had been interrogated by Bonner, but neither promises of grace, nor threats of torture, could move him. He resolutely refused to subscribe the recantation proffered him by the bishop; and when the latter, exasperated by his obstinacy, had him taken to the Post Room, stripped to the girdle, tied to the wooden pillar in the centre of the chamber, and severely scourged, he uttered no cry, but persisted in his refusal.

Determined to try the effect of greater severity, and having means and appliances at hand, Bonner ordered him to be chained to the walls of his cell till he should show signs of submission.

This was done. The unfortunate captive was

fastened to two of the ponderous iron rings which may still be seen in the walls of the prison, and kept in such a position that he could neither lie down nor stand erect.

In this woful plight he remained for three days and three nights, debarred of his chief solace, the Bible, and unable to kneel in prayer without putting himself to excruciating agony, but his constancy was unsubdued, and when Bonner again visited him, thinking he must needs be overcome, he found him unyielding as ever.

What further barbarities might have been practised by the savage prelate upon the unfortunate captive can only be imagined, but happily his victim was snatched from his clutches by Pole. Made aware how severely the prisoner had been treated, the Cardinal instantly interfered, caused the poor wretch's chains to be taken off, and interdicted any further application of torture. Bonner sullenly acquiesced, as indeed he was obliged to do, but he promised himself to report

the Cardinal's culpable leniency—for such he esteemed it—to their Majesties, and also to the Pope.

"His Eminence is an abettor of heresy instead of an uprooter of it," muttered the bishop. "If he be not recalled by the Pope, he will undo all we have done."

Not altogether satisfied with the report he had received of the prisoner's condition, Pole resolved to visit him in his cell, and was accompanied in the errand of mercy by Priuli. The ascent of the narrow spiral stone staircase leading from the Post Room to the prison-chamber was somewhat painful to the Cardinal, and he was compelled to pause for a few moments to recover himself as he reached the arched entrance of the cell. This gave him an opportunity of examining the double-doors, which we have already described as of oak, bound with iron, and studded with broad-headed nails; and he pointed out the immense thickness of the planks to Priuli.

Neither of them had been before in the upper part of the Lollards' Tower, and, as they entered the prison-chamber, they looked around it with melancholy interest. The oak panels, dark almost as ebony, the black boarded roof, the black boarded floor, the small grated windows, the ponderous iron rings fastened in the walls, the prisoner seated on a stool at a table of similar material and similar hue to the panels, all constituted a picture that powerfully impressed them.

Derrick Carver was engaged in reading the Bible, and so profoundly engrossed, that he did not raise his eyes on their entrance. The Cardinal signed to Mallet, by whom they were attended, not to disturb him. The rugged features and gaunt frame of the fanatic had undergone little change, but his beard was grizzled, and his locks had become snow white.

The Cardinal and Priuli contemplated him for some time with profound interest, and in perfect silence, but at last an observation made by the

latter, though uttered in a low tone, reached the ears of the prisoner, and caused him to look up. When he perceived who were in his cell, he tried to rise, but was compelled by pain and weakness to relinquish the attempt.

"The man is really too feeble to stand," remarked Mallet. "Shall I bring your Eminence a chair?"

Pole declined the offer, saying he could stand well enough.

"Leave the room, and remain without till you are summoned," he added to Mallet, who immediately obeyed the injunction, closing the door after him as he went out.

"You are weak and ill, my poor friend," said Pole, in a sympathetic tone. "Wine and nourishing food shall be sent to recruit your strength."

"I do not need them," replied Carver. "Herein I find new life and vigour," he added, pointing to the Bible. "For three days and three nights, while fastened to yon wall, was I deprived of this

consolation, and I account it the worst part of my suffering. I lack nothing now."

"I am sorry you have been treated with so much severity," observed the Cardinal.

"I do not complain," replied Carver. "I may not have been lawfully punished with the scourge, or lawfully fastened to yon iron rings, but there is little law or justice in England now, since we are under Spanish rule."

"You are mistaken, friend," replied Pole. "The statutes against heresy and schism, which were in force when this prison-chamber was built by Archbishop Chicheley, in the time of Henry IV., more than a hundred years ago, have been revived, and though your punishment has been severe, it has not been contrary to law."

"I have said I do not complain," rejoined Carver. "We have provoked Divine displeasure, and must endure our merited chastisement till the wrath of Heaven be appeased. Were I called upon to suffer all the persecutions endured by holy

Paul, I would cheerfully bear them for the sake of the Gospel."

"I admire your resolution, friend," said Pole; "but I beseech you to consider well whether you may not be in error."

"I cannot be in error, when I rely solely on the truths of Scripture," rejoined Carver.

"But there are doctrinal points upon which men are not agreed," said the Cardinal.

"There are," replied Carver, "and my principles are those of the Reformed Church. I abominate the Church of Rome, and regard it as the synagogue of Satan, and the very sink of all heresy, superstition, and idolatry. I will have no masses, no auricular confession with penance, no image-worship. I deny the real presence in the sacrament. And I also deny that the Pope is the head of the Christian Church, and utterly reject his authority."

"But if I can prove to you that you are wrong," said Pole; "if I can convince you that

the Pope's authority is derived from St. Peter, and through him from our Saviour himself, will you not admit that you have formed erroneous conclusions ?"

"I believe the Romish faith to be anti-Christian and naught," rejoined Carver. "I cannot worship at its altars, and were I to do so I should place my soul in jeopardy. It is in vain to argue with me. Threats or fair promises will be alike ineffectual. I am not to be moved."

"But if you obstinately close your ears, how can you ever learn the truth?" said the Cardinal.

"I *have* learnt the truth," rejoined Carver, "and am proof against fallacy and delusion. I have enough regard for your Eminence to wish you were of my mind."

"Well, try to convince me. Let me hear what you have to say in defence of your faith," observed Pole.

"'Twere to show him too much indulgence," said Priuli.

"I could say much in defence of my faith," observed Carver, "but I know you would not listen to me, and I should therefore only throw away my time. But let me not appear ungrateful. I am assured that your Eminence is actuated by a sincere desire for my welfare."

"I would save you, if possible, from the terrible death by which you are menaced," said the Cardinal. "Conform, and I will obtain your pardon. Reflect on what I have said."

"I need no reflection," rejoined the other. "I could not conform without hypocrisy, and I will never belie my conscience."

"Have you no ties that bind you to earth?—none for whom you desire to live?" said the Cardinal.

"I have a wife and children, and an aged mother," replied Carver; "but I gave up all when I entered the service of my Heavenly Master."

"And would you leave them without a protector?" said Pole.

"Heaven will watch over them," rejoined the other.

"This man appears callous to all human emotions and sympathies," observed Priuli.

"There you do not judge me rightly," said Carver. "My breast is not devoid of affection. I love my wife and children—I love my mother—dearly—very dearly. But I am a soldier of Christ, and having been summoned to the fight, must obey the call. If I die in His cause, those dear to me will not be deserted. You cannot touch me. There is no weak part in my armour."

"Then you do not desire to confer with me further?" said Pole. "You have nothing to ask of me?"

"There is one favour I would solicit," said Carver. "Before I am taken hence I would fain have a last interview with Constance Tyrrell."

"I cannot grant it," replied Pole. "I hope to accomplish her conversion, and your influence might counteract my efforts."

"But she continues steadfast in her faith?—Tell me that?" cried Carver, anxiously.

"I cannot answer the question," returned Pole; "would not, if I could."

"She does!—I am sure she does!" exclaimed the enthusiast. "She is my spiritual daughter. Her conversion was my work, and I glory in it. Having opened her eyes to the light, she will not relapse into darkness—never. No; I have no misgivings about Constance."

"Be not too confident," rejoined Pole. "My hope is to bring her back to the fold from which she has strayed. You have preferred a request to me which I am compelled to refuse, but I will grant you a favour which you have not solicited. I desire to benefit you as far as I can, and will lighten the irksomeness of your confinement. In a few days you will have recovered your strength, and will be able to go forth. Pledge me your word to return early in the evening, and you shall be allowed liberty during the daytime."

"What is this I hear?" cried Carver, astounded. "Is it possible that your Eminence will allow me to go where I list during the daytime?"

"You shall go forth wholly unattended on your promise to return," rejoined the Cardinal.

"I never looked for such indulgence as this," said Carver, much affected. "When I have heard the voices of the boatmen on the river, and other gladsome sounds, I have longed to join my fellow-men, but I have checked the feeling, knowing it could not be gratified. But now your Eminence offers me this great boon—a boon I should not have dared to ask—and with no conditions annexed to it."

"None save that I have mentioned," replied Pole. "You shall be free to go forth, but you must come back to your cell at eventide."

For a few moments Carver covered his face with his hands, and tears trickled down his rugged cheeks. After a while he looked up, and, in broken accents, said, "I did not think to weep

again either for joy or grief. But your Eminence's goodness has touched me to the heart, and opened fountains which I deemed fast sealed. You shall not find me unworthy of the confidence reposed in me. The promise you exact shall be religiously fulfilled. If I am suffered to go abroad I will assuredly return."

"Is it safe to let him out?" observed Priuli. "He is seditious and perilous."

"I will trust him," replied Pole.

Upon this he called in Mallet, and informed him of the permission he had granted the prisoner.

"But, your Eminence," remonstrated the keeper, "I am responsible for his safe custody to Bishop Bonner. If this unheard-of license be granted him, the man will never come back."

"Set your mind at ease on that score, good friend," observed Carver. "I have plighted my word to the Lord Cardinal, and I will die rather than break it."

"But what am I to say to the bishop? I shall never be able to face him."

"Say that you act by my orders," returned the Cardinal. "Refer the bishop to me."

"Such a thing was never done before," said Mallet. "As well let loose a ravening wolf among a flock of sheep as liberate this man."

"Let my bidding be done," said Pole. "If blame there be, it will rest on my head.—Farewell, friend," he added to Carver. "Do not abuse the license given you."

"Your Eminence shall have no cause to repent your trust in me," said Carver.

On this the Cardinal and Priuli quitted the cell.

"Methinks you have shown too much consideration to this man," observed Priuli. "He does not deserve your kindness."

"Time will show," replied Pole. "I have faith in him—hope in his conversion."

XIII.

HOW DERRICK CARVER FULFILLED HIS PROMISE.

THREE days afterwards, Derrick Carver, upon whom the Cardinal's goodness had operated like a sovereign cordial, giving him new life and energy, announced that he was strong enough to avail himself of the permission he had received, and, accordingly, the door of his cell was unlocked by Mallet, who accompanied him to the palace gates, and there let him go, never expecting, as he frankly avowed, to behold him again.

"It may be well to follow him and see what he is about," observed Rodomont, who was standing by.

"Nay, his Eminence has strictly forbidden that," said Mallet. "The man is to be left to his own devices. If he come back, I shall esteem him a greater fool than heretic."

"Tut, he will return," said Rodomont. "His Eminence understands him better than you do."

"Well, we shall see," rejoined the other.

On that very day, it chanced that Bishop Bonner came to Lambeth Palace, and, proceeding straightway to the Lollards' Tower, inquired for the prisoner. On learning that he had been allowed to go forth, he flew into a violent passion, and declared he would have the keeper punished for his gross breach of duty. Mallet excused himself, and referred the infuriated bishop to the Cardinal, but Bonner could not obtain an audience till his rage had had time to subside. Pole listened to his complaints, and then replied, calmly,

"It is true, I have let the man go on his promise to return in the evening."

"But what is the promise of such a false knave

worth?" cried Bonner, contemptuously. "He will infallibly break it."

"I do not think so," rejoined the Cardinal. "But tarry with me till eventide, and you will see."

Bonner agreed, dined with the Cardinal in the banqueting-hall, and, as there were many other important guests that day, he made merry, and thought no more about the prisoner. While he was sitting, however, with his host and Priuli, Rodomont Bittern entered, and, bowing to the Cardinal, said,

"Your Eminence desired to be informed when Derrick Carver came back. As the clock struck five, he returned to his cell."

Pole smiled, and, turning to the bishop, observed,

"I was right in my judgment of him, you perceive."

"I cannot deny it," replied Bonner. "Nevertheless, I would advise your Eminence to recal

your permission. Most assuredly he will do much mischief out of doors."

"If it turn out so, he shall be kept within his cell," rejoined Pole.

Shortly after this, Bonner took leave of the Cardinal, but, before quitting the palace, he satisfied himself, by personal inspection, that Carver was safe in his cell. He found him, as usual, reading the Bible, and, if he had dared, would have vented his rage upon him by causing him to be tied to the whipping-post in the chamber beneath and scourged.

"I will have him burnt as soon as possible," he observed to Mallet. "It is monstrous that such a vile wretch should be treated with so much leniency. And what of the Cardinal's other cade-lamb, Mistress Constance Tyrrell? Has she been brought back from her apostasy?"

"I cannot say, in sooth, my lord," replied Mallet. "But I incline to think not, seeing she doth not attend mass."

"Not attend mass! Then she is still defiled by heresy," cried Bonner. "We will have her at Smithfield in spite of the Cardinal." And with this amiable resolve he departed.

Next morning Carver went forth again, returning punctually at five o'clock in the evening, and he pursued the same course for nearly a week, rather anticipating his time than staying beyond it. One evening, however, he did not appear as usual. Three hours more went by, and still he came not, and then Mallet thought it right to acquaint the Cardinal with his prolonged absence. The information caused Pole to look grave.

"Something must have happened to him," he said. "I do not believe he would have stayed away of his own accord, still less do I deem he has any design of evasion. Send Rodomont Bittern to me."

On Rodomont's arrival, the Cardinal ordered him to make immediate inquiries after the pri-

soner, and to take any persons with him who might aid in the quest.

"My own opinion is that the man has fallen into a snare," Pole said. "But I leave it to your shrewdness to discover what has become of him."

"In obedience to your Eminence's injunctions, his movements have not been watched," replied Rodomont, "so that we have no clue to guide us. Nevertheless, I will essay to find him."

"About the business forthwith, and with a good heart," said the Cardinal. "You are quick-witted, and your penetration will put you on the right track."

Taking with him his lieutenants, Jack Holiday and Nick Simnel, Rodomont set out on his mission. Revolving what the Cardinal had said while dismissing him, he came to the conclusion that he should get on the right track by going to Bonner, who, he suspected, had a strong motive for keeping the prisoner out of the way.

Accordingly, he entered the Cardinal's barge with his friends, bidding the oarsmen row them with all possible despatch to the stairs at Paul's Chain, where, landing, they made the best of their way to the palace of the Bishop of London—a large edifice, which then stood on the north-west side of the cathedral.

From the porter at the palace gate they ascertained that Bonner was attending vespers in Saint Paul's, where they could speak with him on the conclusion of the service. Rodomont then inquired from the porter whether any heretics had been arrested that day. The man replied that several had been taken at a conventicle in Foster-lane, and that the chief sacramentary, who had been holding forth to the others, was detained in a strong-room in the gate till the lord bishop should decide what was to be done with him.

Rodomont then explained to the porter that he was an officer in Cardinal Pole's household, and

with his companions was in search of an heretical prisoner named Derrick Carver, and this perchance might be he.

"Marry, 'tis the very man," replied the porter.

Whereupon, he unlocked the door of the strong-room, and showed them Carver within it, seated on a bench, with his hands tied behind his back with cords. Rodomont would fain have carried him off at once, but this the porter would not permit, saying they must tarry till the bishop returned from Saint Paul's.

Half an hour elapsed before Bonner made his appearance, and when he found Rodomont and his comrades there he was exceedingly wrath, and refused to give up the prisoner.

"The knave was taken at a conventicle in Foster-lane," he said, "where he was preaching heretical doctrines, praying against her Majesty, and giving the communion according to the prohibited book of service. I greatly marvel that the Cardinal should allow such a pestilent wretch to

go forth to spread contagion abroad. Depart now, and tell his Eminence that I will bring back the man to him to-morrow. He is safe here, as ye can bear witness."

"Our orders are to bring him back wherever we may find him," rejoined Rodomont, "and those we must obey."

"What!" cried Bonner. "Will ye take him from me by force?"

"We trust your lordship will not drive us to that extremity," replied Rodomont. "We claim this man as the Lord Cardinal's prisoner, and we require your lordship to deliver him up to us. If you resist, the fault will rest with you."

"E'en take him, then," rejoined Bonner, furiously. "But ye may rest assured I will not be robbed of my prey. He is a preacher of heresy and sedition, a blasphemer and traitor, and I will burn him in spite of the Cardinal. It shall go hard if I burn not Mistress Constance Tyrrell at the same time."

Rodomont and his comrades stayed to hear no more, but carried off the prisoner, and placing him in the barge, conveyed him to Lambeth Palace. On arriving there they took him at once before the Cardinal, and Rodomont explained what had occurred.

"Your Eminence will perceive that I was forcibly detained," said Carver. "Had it not been so, I should have returned at the appointed hour."

"I sent you not forth to propagate heresy and sedition," said Pole, severely. "You have broken the compact between us, and abused my confidence. You can go forth no more."

Carver bowed his head in submission, and was taken to his cell in the Lollards' Tower.

End of the Third Book.

BOOK IV.

SMITHFIELD.

I.

HOW A SOLEMN PROCESSION WAS FORMED AT SAINT PAUL'S, AND SET FORTH TOWARDS SMITHFIELD.

FIVE Protestant divines, amongst whom were Hooper, the deprived Bishop of Gloucester, and Rogers, a prebend of Saint Paul's, having been excommunicated and delivered to the sheriffs, and continuing firm in the maintenance of their opinions, they were doomed to death at the stake. It was appointed that Hooper should suffer at Gloucester, and Rogers at Smithfield, and it was furthermore appointed that Rogers should be the first to die. Rogers, we may mention, was one of

the first theological scholars of the age, and had assisted Tyndal in translating the Bible in the time of Henry VIII.

At the earnest solicitation of Gardiner and Bonner, the King consented to be present at the celebration of this act of faith, but Cardinal Pole refused to attend it, stating that he would not countenance such a proceeding. Enraged at his opposition, the two prelates took the only revenge in their power, and procured a warrant from the Queen authorising them to compel the attendance at the terrible ceremonial of any heretical prisoners they might designate. Armed with this warrant, on the night previous to the execution they gave notice to the Cardinal that they should send for Derrick Carver and Constance Tyrrell at an early hour on the morrow.

That night, as enjoined by the Cardinal, and as her own feelings would have prompted without the injunction, Constance never sought her couch, but spent the hours in prayer and me-

ditation. Before daybreak she awoke old Dorcas, who was slumbering tranquilly, and with her aid attired herself carefully in dark habiliments, and, thus prepared, patiently awaited the anticipated summons. Ere long, a gentle tap was heard without, and the door being opened by Dorcas, the Cardinal entered.

"I have come to see you before you set out, daughter," he said. "My own heart is sad. I have passed the night in vigil and prayer, yet I do not feel comforted. I cannot divest myself of the dread that this day will be prejudicial to our religion. A just man is about to be sacrificed, and his blood will cry out for vengeance. But here come the guard," he added, as Rodomont and his companions appeared at the doorway. "Are you ready?"

"Quite ready," she replied. "But before I leave, let me crave a blessing from your Eminence."

"You have it, daughter," he replied, extending his arms over her. "May Heaven sustain you

during the awful scene you will be compelled to witness!"

Quitting the room, she followed Rodomont and the others to the outer court. At the Lollards' Tower they were joined by Derrick Carver, who was brought forth by Mallet. On beholding Constance, the enthusiast uttered a joyful exclamation, but he was not permitted to converse with her, and the party proceeded in silence to the wharf without the palace gate, where lay a barge, which had been sent for the prisoners by Bonner.

Within this vessel were two Dominicans, an officer of the guard, and a couple of halberdiers. At the prow was displayed a black banner, on which was inscribed the words: EXURGE, DOMINE, ET JUDICA CAUSAM TUAM, ET DISSIPENTUR INIMICI FIDEI.

The prisoners having entered the barge with Rodomont Bittern, who had been enjoined by the Cardinal to attend them, the vessel was pushed off, and moved down the stream.

The morning was dark and raw. A fog hung over the river, partly concealing the objects on its banks. Officers and men maintained a moody silence, and the only sound heard was a doleful hymn chanted by the Dominicans, and taken up by the occupants of some skiffs that had accompanied the barge from Lambeth.

At Paul's Wharf the prisoners were landed, and conducted thence up Bennet's Hill and Paul's Chain to the Cathedral.

Matins were just over, and within the broad nave of the noble fane a great number of priests, attired in their robes, were assembled, prior to marching in solemn procession to Smithfield.

In the aisles, guarded by halberdiers, were collected groups of recusants of both sexes, brought thither to give effect to the ceremonial. Apart from these, but likewise brought from prison to grace the procession, were several deprived divines of the Protestant Church, some of whom afterwards testified to their faith at the stake, while

others were starved in their cells, or died from ill treatment. Many who then met on that melancholy morn, and exchanged a friendly greeting, or a few words of comfort, saw each other for the last time on earth. But in the faces of these stout-hearted champions of the Protestant Church no traces of doubt or discouragement could be discerned. They were evidently prepared to meet their fate with resolution. Neither did they manifest sorrow for the brother about to suffer, regarding him as one whose trials were well-nigh over, and who was certain of meeting his reward.

Within the nave and aisles were congregated a vast number of spectators of the solemn scene.

Close to one of the enormous columns lining the south aisle of the magnificent fane stood Constance. She was looking with a wistful eye at the deprived Protestant divines, when her own name was breathed in her ear by some one close behind.

Not doubting who spoke, she partly turned her head, and perceived Osbert Clinton, who, screened

from the guard by the pillar, had contrived to approach her. The only person who noticed the manœuvre was Rodomont, but the kind-hearted fellow looked another way, and tried not to hear what was passing.

Not much was said—but the few words spoke of the young man's wretchedness at the protracted separation from her he loved.

"Be patient," she said. "All will be well in the end."

"Talk not to me of patience," he rejoined. "I am unable to practise it. My heart will burst in the effort. I cannot live without you, Constance. Commit yourself to me, and I will free you. You will be gone before the guard can notice your absence; and once mingled with the throng, you will be safe. Come!"

"I cannot—dare not go," she replied. "What would the good Cardinal think of me if I complied?"

"Heed him not, but think of me, whom you

doom to misery by hesitation. Do not throw away this chance. Another may not occur."

"Pass if you will," interposed the friendly Rodomont, in a low voice. "I shall hear and see nothing."

Squeezing his arm by way of thanks, Osbert renewed his entreaties to Constance.

"No, I cannot do it," she rejoined. "My word to the Queen restrains me."

"What! not gone!" exclaimed Rodomont, looking round. "Pest! it is now too late."

Just then a movement took place in the nave, and the attention of the guard was drawn to the prisoners.

Clad in his full robes, wearing his mitre, and carrying his crosier, Bonner issued from the sacristy. Before him were borne two large silver crosses, and the pix under a rich canopy. At the same time, the procession was marshalled by the priests. Long wax tapers were lighted and distributed among the

recusants, who were compelled to carry them; the Protestant divines being alone exempted from this degrading office.

As soon as the procession was formed, the halberdiers at the head of it marched through the great western portal of the cathedral, and were followed by a long line of recusants, men and women, bearing lighted tapers. Amongst these were Constance and Derrick Carver.

Then came the deprived Protestant clergy, walking two and two. They were succeeded by monks and friars in the habits of their orders. Then came priests in their robes, and lastly Bonner himself, attired as we have described, and preceded by the large silver crosses and the pix. On either side of the sacramentaries were halberdiers to keep off the crowd. Nor was this the only precaution taken. Outside the cathedral there was a detachment of mounted arquebusiers to clear the way for the train, while a band of archers brought up the rear.

As the procession issued forth from Saint Paul's, the bells of Saint Martin's, Ludgate, and other churches on the line of way, began to toll slowly and solemnly.

II.

THE HALT AT NEWGATE.

It was a day of triumph to Bonner, and his heart swelled with pride and gratified vengeance as he marched along. The precincts of the cathedral were crowded with spectators, as indeed were all the streets traversed by the cortége on its way to Smithfield. The majority of the beholders being Romanists, they prostrated themselves devoutly as the host went by, while the priests accompanying the bishop sprinkled them with holy water.

However, there were many who refused to kneel, and who were only restrained by fear from giving

utterance to their abhorrence of the ceremony. As the train was passing through Ludgate, a man called out, in a stentorian voice, "So, my masters, at last, we have got the Inquisition in England!" But scarcely had the words escaped him, when he was seized, and dragged off.

Arrived at Newgate, where Prebend Rogers had been kept since his condemnation, the cortége came to a halt, and, after a short delay, the prisoner was brought forth. He was a man of middle age, tall of stature, thin, but well built, dark-complexioned, and possessing a grave, intelligent countenance.

He looked perfectly composed, and remarked, as he noticed the extent of the cortége, "Ye make as great a show as if ye were about to conduct me to a festival, and not to the stake."

While the sheriffs, who had charge of the doomed man, and who wore their robes and chains, were mounting their horses, a painful incident occurred. With loud cries, that ought to have moved every breast, a woman, having a

young child in her arms, and with several other terrified children clinging to her, burst through the ranks of the halberdiers, exclaiming, "For Christ our Saviour's sake, let me bid a last farewell to my husband!"

"Get hence, importunate and troublesome woman!" cried one of the sheriffs, named Woodrooffe, in loud and harsh tones. "This man is not thy husband."

"I protest to you he is, sir," she rejoined, in extremity of anguish, "my lawful husband, and these are our children."

"Spawn of the devil!" shouted Woodrooffe. "Away with all thy brood of Satan, or the men shall drive you hence with their halberds. You ought to know that a priest cannot marry."

"We have been married these fourteen years, sir," said Rogers. "I pray you suffer her to come to me. 'Twill be a comfort to her and to the children to say farewell, and receive my blessing. Our parting will be short. If you are a husband

and a father yourself you will not be deaf to my appeal."

"I am both, yet will I not suffer her or her base-born brats to come near thee," roared Woodrooffe. "Push them away with your pikes, if they will not retire peaceably," he added to the guard.

"Heaven forgive you!" exclaimed Rogers, as his wife and children were thrust aside. "'Twas the sole consolation I asked, and that is denied me."

Shortly after this interruption, the cortége moved forward again, the condemned, closely attended by the sheriffs and their officers, following next after Bonner.

On either side of the doomed man walked a priest with a crucifix in his hand, one or other of whom was constantly dinning exhortations to repentance into his ears. To these he would not listen, but recited aloud the *Miserere*. His firm deportment and serene countenance—for he speedily

recovered his composure—produced a strong effect upon the beholders.

The bell of Saint Sepulchre's tolled solemnly, as the procession wended its way along Giltspur-street, and the bells of the two churches dedicated to Saint Bartholomew filled the air with the like dismal clangour, as the head of the cavalcade rode into Smithfield.

III.

SMITHFIELD IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

No part of London is richer in historical recollections of various kinds than Smithfield. In this enclosure, which in old old times was a broad and pleasant field, lying without the City walls on the north-west, were held jousts and tournaments on the most splendid scale, and attended by kings, foreign potentates and ambassadors, nobles, knights, and dames of the highest rank and peerless beauty. Barriers were frequently set up in Smithfield by Edward III., and here a grand tournament, which lasted for a week, was given by the same monarch,

in the latter part of his reign, in honour of the beautiful Alice Perrers, by whose charms he was bewitched. Another grand tournament was held here by Richard II., on which occasion sixty knights on richly caparisoned coursers, and each attended by a lady of honour mounted upon a palfrey, rode from the Tower to Smithfield, where, in the presence of the King and Queen and chief nobles, many commendable courses were run. In the same reign, the Earl of Mar came from Scotland to challenge the Earl of Nottingham, and the trial of skill took place at Smithfield, resulting in the overthrow of Mar, who was so severely hurt by his opponent that he died on the way back. In the time of Henry IV., the Earl of Somerset, Sir John Cornwall, Sir Richard Arundel, and others, tilted with certain Frenchmen; and in the same reign a duel took place between Gloucester and Arthur, which would have terminated fatally but for the King's interference. In the succeeding reign, Sir Robert Carey fought an Aragonese

knight at Smithfield, and slew him. Several desperate combats occurred here in the reign of Henry VI., but we cannot dwell upon them, and must conclude our brief summary by allusion to the famous encounter between Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgundy, held before Edward IV., at which the English noble had the advantage, both mounted and on foot, with poleaxe as well as with spear.

Many judicial combats were likewise fought at Smithfield, and here it was that the armourer was slain by his false servant—a picturesque incident introduced with admirable effect by Shakspeare in the Second Part of "Henry VI." Other occurrences of a yet more tragical character are not wanting to deepen the interest of the spot. At the north of the field, and between a large pool and a track of marshy land, grew some gigantic elms, and amidst these stately trees stood a permanent gallows, at which the great Scottish hero, William Wallace, was barbarously hanged,

and, while yet breathing, disembowelled and quartered. In the centre of the field the Lollards were burnt, and on the same spot, at a later date, numberless victims of the tyrant Henry's rage perished in the same fearful manner.

The darkest page, however, in the annals of Smithfield, belongs to the period under consideration.

But Smithfield has lively as well as sombre traditions. Here the famous Bartholomew Fair was held, the humours of which have been painted by Ben Jonson. Though the amusements of this annual City carnival might scandalise the present decorous generation, they suited our forefathers, who had no objection to a little riotous excess. In the last century, when Bartholomew Fair was at its zenith, excellent theatrical representations were given there, and Fielding himself had a booth at Smithfield.* However, tastes changed. Bartholo-

* See Mr. Morley's "*Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*"—a work full of curious research, and delightfully written.

mew Fair lost its attractions, was voted a nuisance, and finally abolished, though it lingered on till within the last few years.

At the period of our history Smithfield retained most of its original features. It was still an open field without the walls, resorted to by the citizens for purposes of recreation, and was constantly used, as at an earlier date, for grand military displays and for public executions. The grove of giant elms, with the gallows in the midst, was still standing near the pool, and no part of the broad enclosure had as yet been encroached upon.

On the east side of the area, partially screened by a large mansion, stood the Priory of Saint Bartholomew, a noble religious institution founded in the time of Henry I., by Rahere, the King's minstrel, and which flourished until the dissolution of the monasteries, when it was granted by Henry VIII. to his Attorney-General, Sir Richard Rich. The size and importance of the priory will be understood, when it is stated that in addition to

the abode and dormitories of the prior and monks, the establishment comprised a large conventual church, refectory, hall, cloisters, courts, and numerous offices, together with extensive gardens — among which was a mulberry-garden. The splendid church was partially pulled down and the materials sold, but, on the accession of Queen Mary, the remnant of the sacred pile, together with other portions of the monastery, were restored to the brotherhood of Black Canons, from whom they had been wrested, and continued in their hands till the time of Elizabeth, when the fraternity was ejected.

In front of the priory, as above stated, was a large and picturesque mansion, which delighted the eye with its high pointed roof, carved gables, richly-sculptured portals, and mullioned windows. Adjacent to this habitation was an ancient gateway, leading to the conventual church, over the pointed arch of which was a tabernacle containing a statue of Saint Bartholomew holding a knife. On the north of the priory ran a long narrow lane, with

detached houses and gardens on either side of it, communicating with Aldersgate-street.

On the south side of Smithfield stood the old hospital belonging to the priory, at the rear of which was the church of St. Bartholomew the Less. On the west of the area were a few scattered habitations, amongst which were three renowned hostels, the Saint Catherine's Wheel, the King's Head, and the Rose. Here another narrow lane, skirted by small tenements, ran down to Holborn.

The best view of Smithfield was from the ground near the old elm-trees. Standing there, and looking towards the City, the prospect was exceedingly striking. On the left was the priory, surmounted by the square tower of the conventual church, and contiguous to it the ancient hospital—a highly picturesque structure. Farther on was Saint Sepulchre's. The north-western angle of the ancient City walls, with its ramparts and battlements, was seen to great advantage from this point. Hundreds of lofty and slender spires, graceful steeples,

crocketed pinnacles, and embattled towers, long since destroyed, met the gaze. But the grand object of all was the venerable Gothic cathedral, with its spire, upwards of five hundred feet in height, which could here be surveyed in all its majesty and beauty.

IV.

WHAT PASSED IN SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH.

A GREAT crowd had assembled in Smithfield to witness the sad spectacle, but a circular space was kept clear in the centre of the area exactly opposite the ancient gateway leading to the priory.

Within this ring, which was guarded by a double line of halberdiers, stood a stout square oak post, about nine feet high, driven securely into the ground, and having a heavy iron chain attached to it by a staple. Hard by was an immense pile of fagots, with some blocks of wood. A little farther off there was another pile, consisting of bundles of dried reeds.

Close by the stake stood three men, of savage and repulsive aspect, clothed in leathern jerkins and tight-fitting hose of blood-red hue, having long iron prongs in their hands.

As the cortége entered Smithfield, and the intended martyr was descried, a murmur of commiseration rose from those who sympathised with him, but it was instantly drowned by a hurricane of fierce and exulting yells from the Romanists.

Meantime, the mounted arquebusiers having cleared a passage through the crowd, the long line of priests with their banners and crosses, the recusants with the tapers, the deprived Protestant divines, Bonner and the condemned, passed through the gateway, and, traversing the court, proceeded to the ancient conventual church, the bell of which sounded dolefully the while.

At the portal they were met by the prior of the Black Canons, with several of the brethren in their sable robes, and conducted to the places appointed for them in the sacred edifice.

The recusants were ranged on one side, and the Protestant divines on the other, while the Romish priests proceeded to the presbytery. A chair opposite the pulpit was assigned to the doomed man, on which he sat down, with two halberdiers standing behind him.

On a faldstool near the altar sat Philip, who had come there quite privately, and was only attended by his confessor, Father Alfonso de Castro. In the choir sat Gardiner, with some members of the council.

Beneath a circular arch, resting on massive cylindrical pillars, near the north transept, stood Osbert Clinton, who, having accompanied the cortége from Saint Paul's, had entered the church at the same time with it, and stationed himself where he could best see Constance without being observed by the King. She soon became aware of his presence, but only ventured occasionally to look towards him, and then her glances yielded him little comfort.

After a brief delay, Bonner ascended the pulpit, and taking for his text Saint Paul's words to the Galatians, "*I would they were cut off that trouble you,*" he preached a violent sermon on the necessity of punishing heretics and false brethren with death, citing many authorities in favour of his views, and asserting that to maintain that heresy ought to go unpunished would be to maintain that the worst crimes should be unchastised. "Heresy," he said, "being treason against Heaven, deserves the punishment of treason. As such a traitor," he added, turning to Rogers, "thou wilt be consigned to a fire, which will be to thee a foretaste of the flames in which thou shalt burn everlastingly. Thy fate will be a terrible lesson to all who think with thee."

"It will be a lesson to them how to testify to their faith," rejoined the prebend.

Bonner having descended from the pulpit, a votive mass for taking away schism was performed by Gardiner, who solemnly pronounced the oration:

Deus qui errata corrigis, et dispersa congregas, et congregata conservas; quæsumus, super populum Christianum tuæ unionis gratiam clementer infunde: ut divisione rejecta, vero Pastori Ecclesiæ tuæ se venies, tibi dignè valeat famulari.

Mass ended, the *Dies Iræ* was sung by the choir of the Black Canons, and, while this was proceeding, the cortége began to move, passing slowly before the altar, preparatory to quitting the church.

As before, a long array of priests with banners walked with noiseless tread, bowing reverently as they passed the altar. Then came the recusants carrying their lighted tapers, but not a knee was bent amongst them, not a head inclined.

Last amongst these walked Constance, alone. She had to pass close by Philip, who was seated on the faldstool, with Gardiner and Father Alfonso beside him, and as she approached him, her strength began to fail, and her knees tottered.

She tried to summon all her energies, but in vain. In another moment she felt she must sink.

Philip's gaze was fixed steadily upon her. A desperate effort to pass deprived her of the little strength left, and with a cry she let fall the taper, and would have sunk upon the pavement if the King himself had not caught her.

"Oh that I could die!" she gasped.

"No, you must live for me, Constance," whispered Philip, passionately.

She looked at him for a moment with mingled fear and aversion, and then closed her eyes.

"She has swooned," said the King, consigning her to Rodomont, who had been marching behind her. "Take her where she can be tended."

In obedience to the injunction, Rodomont bore her to the sacristy, where restoratives were applied by a monk, who acted as physician to the brotherhood of Black Canons.

This incident, as may be supposed, had not passed unnoticed by Osbert Clinton, whose eyes had never quitted Constance for a moment. As she tottered and fell into the King's arms, his

agony became almost unsupportable; and when she was borne to the sacristy by Rodomont, he would have flown instantly to her assistance if he had dared.

Meanwhile, the cortége continued to pass slowly by the King. The Protestant divines made him an obeisance as they passed, but sedulously abstained from bowing to the altar. Lastly came the intended martyr, who walked with a firm step, and head erect.

As he came near, Gardiner commanded him to stop, and thus addressed him: "John Rogers, somewhile priest, but now an excommunicate person, we have striven to convert thee, and by wholesome admonitions to reduce thee again unto the true faith and unity of the universal Catholic Church, but have found thee obstinate and stiff-necked, steadfastly continuing in thy damnable opinions and heresies, and refusing to return to the lap of the holy mother Church. Wherefore, not being willing that thou shouldst infect the

Lord's flock with thine heresy, we have cast thee out from the Church as an obstinate, impenitent sinner, and have left thee to the judgment of the secular power, by whom thou hast been justly condemned to perish by fire. The punishment is inflicted upon thee for the salvation of thine own soul, and as a step towards the extirpation of heresy."

"What consequences may follow my punishment, my lord, none of us can tell," rejoined Rogers; "but I am fully prepared to die."

"Sinner as thou art, wilt thou be converted and live?" cried Gardiner. "Here is her Majesty's pardon," he added, showing him a scroll.

"I reject it," said Rogers, stoutly. "I maintain that the Catholic Church of Rome is the Church of Antichrist. Item, that in the sacrament of the altar——"

"A truce to thy blasphemies," interrupted Gardiner, furiously. "Away with him to the stake!"

"I am ready," said Rogers. "I bid you all to

my funeral pile. You shall see how a true believer can die. If I blench, proclaim me a renegade."

Hereupon, the Protestant divines, who had listened with great satisfaction, moved on, and Rogers followed them with a firm step.

While this occurred, Osbert Clinton had contrived to steal unperceived to the sacristy. Constance had just recovered from her swoon. Luckily, no one was with her but Rodomont, the monk who had tended her having just quitted the chamber.

"Why have you come here, sir?" cried Rodomont. "Matters were bad enough before, but your imprudence will make them ten times worse. If the King discovers you, you are lost."

"I care not what happens to me," replied Osbert. "I could not keep away. Fear nothing, Constance," he added. "I will not quit you more."

"This is madness," cried Rodomont. "The King is certain to come hither, and then you will be arrested. Hide yourself in this cupboard," he

added, opening the door of a large oak ambry reared against the wall. "It only contains a few priestly vestments, and you can stand upright within it."

But Osbert refused to move.

"Do as he recommends, I implore you," said Constance to him. "You will throw away your life by staying with me."

"To be sure he will," rejoined Rodomont, dragging him away, and forcing him into the ambry, the door of which he shut.

The step was only just taken in time. In another moment, the King came into the sacristy, and, seeing that Constance had recovered, he signed to Rodomont to leave the chamber.

"I have much to say to you, Constance," he began, "but this is not the moment for it. Are you still in the same mood as when I saw you last? Has no change been wrought in your sentiments?"

"None, sire," she replied. "I am quite happy

in the life I lead with the good Cardinal, and only pray it may continue."

"But you still maintain your heretical opinions?" said the King.

"Firmly as ever, sire."

"And does not this awful ceremonial shake you?"

"On the contrary, it strengthens my convictions."

"All heretics are alike—all obstinate and contumacious," muttered Philip. "Constance, you cannot go back to the Cardinal. He is much too lenient to you. I shall deliver you to Bishop Bonner, who will treat you very differently."

"Oh! sire, do not deliver me to that cruel man. Let me go back to the good Cardinal, who has been as a father to me. Have compassion upon me."

"You have no compassion upon me, Constance," rejoined Philip. "You care not for my

sufferings. Relent towards me, and I will be less rigorous towards you."

"It cannot be, sire," she rejoined.

"Be not hasty. Reflect. If I consign you to Bonner, your fate is certain. After the execution, the sight of which I will spare you, I will return for your answer. A guard will be placed at the door to prevent your exit, but no one shall disturb you. Again, I say, reflect. On your own decision hangs your fate."

So saying, he quitted the sacristy, the door of which was locked outside.

END OF VOL. II.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.